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MY LONG LIFE

Mary Cowden Clarke

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MY LONG LIFE

An Autobiographic Sketch

By Mary Cowden-Clarke

Author of

'The Concordance to Shakespeare,'
'The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines,'
'The Iron Cousin,' Etc., Etc.

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'I count myself in nothing else so happy.
As in a soul remembering my good friends.'
SHAKESPEARE.

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MY LONG LIFE

HAVING been asked to write my reminiscences of myself and of my family, and of the persons distinguished in literature or art whom I have known, I have the rather consented because I have been blessed with a greatly privileged and happy life.

I was born on the 22d of June 1809, in the same house where my father, Vincent Novello, was born—No. 240 Oxford Street, or, as it was then called, Oxford *Road*, for it still bore some traces of a somewhat suburban exit from that western quarter of London. Its vicinity to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, its closeness to Edgeware Road and Bayswater Road, its commanding from its attic storey a distant view of the Surrey Hills, combined to pro-

duce a rural, as well as urban effect to the impression upon my earliest days. I used to watch the waggon that jogged past our door of an evening, with its tarpaulin cover and its lantern swinging at its rear, and thinking how delightful it would be to take a journey into the country lolling inside this comfortable conveyance. The early market-carts that rumbled by of a morning, with their supply of fresh vegetables and fruit, bringing a delicious air from the region of meadows full of buttercups and daisies, made me long to be out among the lanes and fields these carts came from. But even Hyde Park, where I was entrusted to convoy my younger brothers and sisters, supplied me with enjoyment of those fine old elm trees, those stretches of grass I beheld. Such things as halfpenny little mugs of curds and whey were extant in those days—sold near to the Park entrance, then called Cumberland Gate, now known as the Marble Arch; and which dainty refection seemed properly rustic and appropriate. The railing adjacent to the

gate was, at that period, permitted to be strung with rows of printed old-fashioned ballads, such as 'Cruel Barbara Allen,' etc.

To give an idea of the then neighbourhood, there was a small stationery shop in Quebec Street, kept by a Miss Lavoine, where we children bought slates and slate-pencils; and a certain bakery in Bryanston Street that had a curved iron railing below its shop window, which tempted us to spend some of our pocket money in pennyworths of old-world gingerbread figure-cakes, in the shape of lions, tigers, horses, dogs, cocks and hens, castles, alphabets and other objects, besides selling crisp squares of 'parliament,' crunched by us with considerable satisfaction. A few doors farther down Oxford Street there was a grocer's shop kept by a Mr Harvey, whose snow-white hair and jet-black eyes remain pictured in my memory, and who used, when my mother bought tea and sugar of him, to make up a small packet of the caraway comfits that occupied one of his shop windows,

together with heart-shaped hoarhound, etc., presenting the aforesaid packet to us. We must have been conscientiously brought-up little people; for once, when a young man I had never seen before was standing behind the counter in lieu of the master, and was proceeding to make up the usual packet, I said to him: 'Did Mr Harvey allow you to give us those sugar-plums?' He smiled and replied: 'I am doing this for him. I am Mr Harvey's son.' I may mention here another instance of our conscientious bringing-up.

I went to a party of young people, where they were playing at a round game of cards, and they asked me to join them. When the nursery-maid came to fetch me home, the lady of the house offered me some silver, saying: 'Take this seven-and-sixpence, you have won it.' 'I thought,' I replied, 'that we were playing with counters; I saw them on the table, ma'am. I did not know we were playing for money. I have none, and could not have paid if I had lost. There-

fore I can't have won, and can't take that silver.' When I went home and told my mother what had happened, she said: 'You did well to refuse the money, and gave the right reason for doing so.'

One of the children's parties we were invited to every year was given on the Feast of the Holy Innocents by an old French gentleman and his sister, Mr and Miss Lamour. He was very kind to children, though so notoriously irate at whist that we recognised him many years after at Nice by the description a gentleman gave of him as the man who most lost his temper at whist ever known. But on those old-time parties of the Holy Innocents' evening, Mr Lamour used to play the violin for us while we danced, and encouraged us to sing after helping round high piles of muffins and crumpets, and finally sending each little child home with a packet of cakes, and almonds and raisins.

Another of our urban delights in those days was watching, from the window of our front-parlour nursery, 'the soldiers' as they

passed by from the barracks in Portman Street to parade in Hyde Park. First came a magnificent and imperious drum-major, who, notwithstanding the importance with which he wielded his tall staff of office, seeming solemnly to pick his way with it, used to cast a smiling eye toward the group of young faces that peered admiringly over the low, green blind at him and his brilliant troop preceded by its band of music.

One of the chief figures among these was a black man, who brandished and clashed a pair of dazzling cymbals; and another was also a black, who upheld a kind of oriental standard that had horse tails dangling therefrom, and jingling bells pendant from a central silver crescent.

I do not know whether these figures still form part of the British military band, but they impressively dazzle and give picturesqueness to my memory of it in that epoch. They add brilliancy to those mornings, and strengthen the contrast they afford with the dimness of the previous evenings, for Oxford

Street was then lighted at night by oil lamps, gas lighting not being invented.

Opposite to our house was Camelford House, where Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte resided when in town, and a pleasant sight it used to be to me to watch the Prince with the Princess beside him—he driving his curricle, with its glittering steel bar across the prancing horses, and the outriders in their green and gold Coburg livery—setting forth to take an airing round Hyde Park. Once I saw her going to Court, the indispensable hoop tilted sideways to enable her to take her seat in the carriage, and the equally indispensable huge plume of feathers then required for Court costume. When her early death threw all England into mourning—for no one, however poor, but had at least a scrap of crape about them—my father set to music Leigh Hunt's touching verses, —'His departed love to Prince Leopold.'

My two brothers, Alfred and Edward, when quite little boys, were sent to a Mr Foothead's preparatory school in the New

Road, and I used to escort them there, we three trundling our hoops along Baker Street, after stopping to peep through the railings round the gardens of Montague House and think of the legend about Mrs Montague's finding her son (whom she had lost when straying in the streets) in the person of a little sooty climbing boy, who had been stolen by a master chimney-sweep, had been unwittingly sent to the very house where he was born, that he might sweep its chimneys, but had, by some subtlety of instinctive sympathy, crept into one of its beds and was found there by his own mother.

Our parents were bountiful in providing us with books; plain, unornate books—very unlike the present juvenile volumes, full of highly-coloured illustrations, often scarcely read by their young recipients, so lavishly are these gifts bestowed by fond relations and friends—but fewer in number, and diligently perused over and over again, re-read and treasured by us young Novellos. First, there was Mrs Barbauld's 'Charles-

Book' (as we used to call it); then came Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' 'Rosamond' and 'Parents' Assistant'; Day's 'Sandford and Merton'; the wise and cheerful 'Evenings at Home'; 'A Visit for a Week'; 'The Juvenile Travellers'; 'The 100 Wonders of the World'; 'The Book of Trades' and 'Æsop's Fables.' Often, after a hard day's teaching, my father used to have his breakfast in bed next morning, when we children were allowed to scramble up to the counterpane and lie around him to see what new book he had bought for us, and listen to his description and explanation of it. Never can I forget the boundless joy and interest with which I heard him tell about the contents of two volumes he had just brought home, and showed me the printed pictures it had. It was an early edition of 'Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.' And what a vast world of new ideas and new delights that opened to me—a world in which I have ever since much dwelt, and always with supreme pleasure and admiration.

On Sundays I knelt beside my mother in the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel, South Street, Grosvenor Square, where my father was organist for six-and-twenty years. A central figure in the picture that small sanctuary has painted on my memory is that of my godfather, the Reverend William Victor Fryer, as he officiated at the altar, irradiated by the light from the tall wax candles thereon, and when he stood in the pulpit delivering the sermon. His attitude here was simple yet impressive, and it is the attitude represented in the pencil portrait of him, drawn by Wageman, who was famous for his correct likenesses. I have that portrait still, and it shows Mr Fryer standing with raised hand, holding a cambric pocket-handkerchief, his most usual position while preaching. It was from the Reverend William Victor Fryer that I obtained my second name, Victoria; and from my mother my first name, Mary. To him my father dedicated his first work, 'Sacred Music,' in two vols.; and this, with several Masses composed by

himself, besides introducing Mozart's and Haydn's Masses for the first time in England, were performed at South Street chapel by my father. His organ-playing attained such renown that it attracted numerous persons, even among the nobility, whose carriages waited for them outside while they lingered to the end of the service, and after; for it was playfully said that his 'voluntaries'—intended to 'play out' the congregation—on the contrary, kept them in, listening to the very last note.

The evening parties at 240 Oxford Street were marked by a judicious economy blended with the utmost refinement and good taste; the supper refection was of the simplest—Elia's 'Chapter on Ears' eloquently recording the 'friendly supper-tray' and draught of 'true Lutheran Beer' which succeeded to the feasts of music provided by the host's playing on the small but fine-toned chamber-organ, which occupied one end of the graceful drawing-room. This was papered with a delicately-tinted pink colour, showing to ad-

vantage the choice water-colour paintings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell and Cristall that hung around. These artists were all personally known to Vincent Novello, and were not unfrequent visitors on these occasions. The floor was covered by a plain grey drugget, bordered by a beautiful garland of grapes and vine-leaves, designed and worked by my mother herself. Besides the guests above named, there were often present Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, John Keats and ever-welcome, ever young-hearted Charles Cowden-Clarke. My enthusiasm—child as I was—for these distinguished visitors was curiously strong. I can remember once creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was *a poet*. And I have even now full recollection of the reverent look with which I regarded John Keats, as he leaned against the side of the organ, listening with rapt attention to my father's music. Keats's favourite position

—one foot raised on his other knee—still remains imprinted on my memory; as also does the last time I saw him, half-reclining on some chairs that formed a couch for him when he was staying at Leigh Hunt's house, just before leaving England for Italy. Another poet reminiscence I have—of jumping up to peer over the parlour window-blind to have a peep at Shelley, who I had heard was leaving, after a visit he had just paid to my father upstairs. Well was I rewarded, for, as he passed before our house, he gave a glance up at it, and I beheld his seraph-like face, with its blue eyes, and aureoled by its golden hair.

An enchanting treat of those childish years was what we called 'a day in the fields.' Our place of assembling was generally some spot between Hampstead and Highgate (no Regent's Park or Zoological Gardens then in existence!) and there we met, by appointment, Leigh Hunt and his family, the Gliddons and their families, our company being often enhanced in brightness by the advent from town

of lively Henry Robertson and ever-young Charles Cowden-Clarke. The picnic part of our entertainment was cold lamb and salad prepared by my mother, she being an acknowledged adept in the dressing of this latter. Other toothsome cates supplemented the out-of-door dinner, while more intellectual food was not wanting. Leigh Hunt once read out to us Dogberry's 'Charge to the Watchmen,' and another time gave us the two scenes, from Sheridan's 'Rivals,' between Sir Anthony and his son. Leigh Hunt's reading aloud was the perfection of spirited perusal. He possessed innate fascination of voice, look and manner. While he was in Horsemonger Lane Jail for the libel on the Prince Regent, Mr John Clarke, master of the school at Enfield, in accordance with his son Charles's wish, used to send by him fresh vegetables and fruit to Leigh Hunt from the Enfield garden. This was the school where John Keats was educated, and where he learned to love poetry from his 'Friend Charles,' as he styles him

in his noble 'Epistle to Charles Cowden-Clarke.'

When Leigh Hunt left prison, my father asked him to sit for his portrait to Wageman—a dearly-prized portrait that I still have near me in my own room. It is the very best likeness I have ever seen of him; and well do I remember his poet face and his bent head, with its jet-black hair, as he wrote his name beneath the pencil drawing.

During our childhood we had some healthful changes to other air than that of London. On one occasion my parents took us, by one of the earliest steam-vessels that plied on the Thames (called a Margate Hoy), for a short trip to the seaside. As this steamer left the London Docks, I heard a man in a wherry bawl out jeeringly,—'I say! bile up yere kettle!' We had made some way down the river when a portion of the machinery broke, and there was much confusion and alarm on deck among the passengers. My dear

mother bade me hide my head in her lap and remain still. I did so, and she praised me for my quiet and obedience. The vessel managed to reach the shore; we disembarked; and I remember my father carrying the then baby in his arms while we all walked across the fields towards Milton or Settingbourne, at one of which places, on the Kentish High Road, we had to stay till next day, when we could proceed on our journey by the stage-coach. We were still young children when our parents removed from 240 Oxford Street to 8 Percy Street, Bedford Square; and soon after our removal thither, my mother resolved to take us to Boulogne-sur-Mer for a thorough 'sea change,' and in order that we might gain some idea of French and French environments. We travelled by the stage-coach to Dover (there were no railways then), but when we arrived there, it was found that the wind did not serve for the sailing-packet to cross the Channel, so we had to stay for three days at an inn,

VINCENT NOVELLO.

till we could embark. When we reached our destination, we boarded in the house of a very stout, good-natured woman, with numerous stalwart sons — fishermen, all. Halfway up the Grande Rue, leading from the lower town to the high town, there was a school kept by a Mr Bonnefoy, who had a comfortable, motherly woman for a wife; and she not only brought up well her own children, but took kindly care of the schoolboys. Here my mother decided to leave my eldest brother, Alfred, for a twelvemonth, that he might learn to speak the language; and so thoroughly was this accomplished, that he spoke it fluently, and even, he said, began to *think* in French, thus familiar had it become. When we other children returned home, dear, kind Mary Lamb offered to give me lessons in Latin, and to teach me to read verse properly—an offer eagerly accepted for me by my father and mother. I used, therefore, to trudge regularly, on appointed mornings, to Great Russell Street, Covent

Garden, where the Lambs then lived; and one morning, when I entered the room, I saw a lady sitting with Miss Lamb, whom I heard say,—'Oh, I am now nothing but a stocking-mending old woman.' This lady had straight, black brows, and looked still young, I thought, and had a very intelligent, expressive countenance. When she went away, Miss Lamb said,—'That is the excellent actress, Miss Kelly. Look at her well, Victoria, for she is a woman to remember having seen.' And, indeed, this was no other than the admirable artist to whom Charles Lamb addressed his two sonnets; the one beginning,—

'You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,'

and the other, on her performance of 'The Blind Boy,' beginning,—

'Rare artist, who with half thy tools or none
Canst execute with ease thy curious art.'

On a subsequent morning, a boy came rushing into the room and dashed through

the repetition of his Latin lesson with a rapidity that dazzled me, and fired me with ambition to repeat my conjugations in the same brilliant style. When the boy was gone—it was Hazlitt's son, whom Mary Lamb also taught his Latin grammar—I began trying to scamper through my lesson, but Mary Lamb wisely stopped me, and advised me not to attempt what was not in my sober, steady way. She said, 'It is natural to him, but not to you. Best be natural in all you do, and in all you attempt.' Her reading poetry was beautifully natural and unaffected; so that her mode of beginning Milton's 'Paradise Lost' for me still remains on my mind's ear. In curious contrast with Mary Lamb's lessons were some that were given, once upon a time, when a certain old Scotch gentleman was engaged to teach Latin and arithmetic to my brothers, Alfred and Edward, I being allowed to share in the instruction received from him. This Mr Ferguson was a placidly pedantic person, and when the

servant-maid knelt down near him to lay the fire ready for lighting, he leaned down and told her how she could best place the coals 'so that the sulphureous particles should soonest ignite.'

A very pleasant incident was enjoyed by me in a few weeks' sojourn I had at a farmhouse near Tunbridge, whither my parents sent me, they knowing the worthy people whose farm it was. Delightful were those early mornings when I was despatched to another farm, about half-a-mile off, that I might drink new milk from the cow, after a walk through green lanes before breakfast. In those matutinal walks I was invariably accompanied by a kitten, who had taken a fancy to me, or who, perhaps, knew that she was to have a saucer of milk given to her when we arrived. I remember one morning a man on horseback stopped his steed to look with an amused laugh at a little girl followed by a kitten, like a dog, along a lane, the two quite alone in that quiet spot. Nutting and blackberrying for

hours of an afternoon were delights to me; and fetching up the ducks before night-fall was a grand privilege allotted to me. Glorious were those baking-days, when feasts of new-made bread, a Kentish delicacy called huffkins—a sort of muffin plentifully buttered and eaten hot—and a superb pork pie—containing alternate layers of potato, sage, and dairy-fed pork—formed the delicious periodically-appointed cates. But above all other joys to me was the finding, in an out-of-the-way corner of the farmhouse, an old edition of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' The book was printed in double columns, and had pictures in it. One which particularly interested me was that where Sir Hargrave Pollixfen is carrying off Miss Byron after the masquerade, bearing her forcibly into a chariot, meaning to marry her against her will. Ever after that first introduction to the story, the book, when I became allowed to read it, remained a favourite with me, and I have often been conscious of wishing that its many volumes were as many more.

From Percy Street my parents removed to an old-fashioned house and garden on Shacklewell Green; and my two elder brothers were sent to Mr Yule's academy, near at hand. Here my brother Alfred's familiarity with French stood him in good stead, for he not only translated with ease and correctness the page of 'Recueil Choisi' assigned to him and to his schoolfellows as their daily task; but 'the boys' used to get possession of 'Novello's slate' and copy out his translation as their own.

It was while we lived at Shacklewell that my father and mother received letters from Leigh Hunt (who was then in Italy), introducing the widowed Mrs Shelley and Mrs Williams, who were returning to England after their terrible bereavement. He described Mrs Wollstonecraft's daughter as 'inclining, like a wise and kind being, to receive all the consolation which the good and kind can give her;' adding, 'she is as quiet as a mouse, and will drink in as much Mozart and Paesiello as you choose to afford

her.' Accordingly, many were the occasions when delicious hours of music and quiet, but animated and interesting, talk were planned for the two beautiful young women able and willing to enjoy such 'delights,' and choosing not unwisely 'to interpose them oft.' To meet thus were frequently invited my uncle, Francis Novello, who had a charming bass voice (he was the bass singer at South Street Chapel during the period when his brother Vincent was organist there); Henry Robertson, as excellent a tenor singer as he was excellent in lively companionship; my father's pupil, Edward Holmes, a sterling musician and admirable judge of literature, moreover, a great admirer of the two lady guests, and Charles Cowden-Clarke, who shared in all these attainments and predilections with his never-failing, youthful enthusiasm. Mornings and afternoons witnessed numerous 'goings through' of Mozart's 'Cosi fan tutte,' 'Don Giovanni,' 'Nozze di Figaro' and various songs of Paesiello, besides other choice compositions by other com-

posers; and not a few evenings were spent by these well-pleased associates in prolonged discourse on attractive topics, till—forgetful of the lapse of time—the ladies declared they 'must go,' and were accompanied back to town by our gentlemen guests, only too pleased to be their escort. It was at this period that Mrs Shelley wrote my name on a copy of her 'Frankenstein' which I had already devoured when given to me by my father, but which I ardently desired should have the glory of her name and mine together on its blank page. My father was her declared adorer, and she his, while Edward Holmes was equally unreserved in his bewitchment of her; and they both united in attributing to Charles Cowden-Clarke a decided enthralment by the graces of Mrs Williams. Playful and mutual gaiety was the result; while my dear mother joined in the jest — even her husband's and Mrs Shelley's avowed interchange of fascination. The Italian form of name evidently lingered musically in Mrs Shelley's ear, for she in-

variably addressed my father as 'Vincenzo,' and his brother as 'Francesco.' She gave my father a tress of her mother's hair, knowing that he had always had a great admiration for Mary Wollstonecraft, although without being personally acquainted with her. This tress Mary Shelley accompanied by an affectionate little note to my father, in Italian, which tress and note are still in my possession, carefully preserved under glass, and treasured, among other relics of the kind, in a collection of hair I have.

We were still residents at Shacklewell Green, when my parents resolved to send me for a time to Boulogne-sur-Mer, that I might acquire the French language; and they confided me to the care of the friendly and estimable Bonnefoy family. Old Monsieur Bonnefoy was one of the most excellent of tutors, and certainly one of the most simple-minded of men. The naïve way in which he allowed himself to be supposed utterly unaware of the preparations for a due celebration of his birthday (which was kept,

according to continental custom, on his namesake Saint's day, the feast of *St Pierre*) was quite remarkable. 'The boys' were allowed to go into the fields and gather armfuls of *Marguerites* without Monsieur Bonnefoy noticing that his scholars did not come to school at the usual hour; his entering the schoolroom with complete ignorance of the boy mounted on a chair behind the door, ready to drop a daisy crown on his master's head, and wholly unprepared for the shout of applause that was to burst from the assembled concourse of scholars when the coronation feat was accomplished, formed a triumph of utter unconsciousness. He had, on ordinary occasions, what he considered an ingenious contrivance for obtaining attention when he addressed the boys, by twitching a string, attached to a ball, that lifted a moveable cover, beneath which appeared the word '*Silence!*'; and though I believe it rarely obtained the desired object more effectually than a similar sound of bell-jangling per-

formed in the French House of Parliament (which I once witnessed when in Paris), yet Monsieur Bonnefoy seemed perfectly satisfied with the effect he produced in his schoolroom. It was between the morning and afternoon hours of school that my kind old master gave me his daily lesson in French, and very pleasant he made these lessons, giving me 'dictation' from small entertaining anecdotes and short stories, contained in a book he chose for the purpose, besides imparting the drier instruction of grammar, spelling, etc., etc. My parents had thoughtfully taken a season ticket of admission to the theatre for Monsieur Bonnefoy and for me, as one of the very best means of my gaining familiarity with colloquial French; so my old master and I used to trudge together, very willingly, to the playhouse whenever there was performance there. Thus I had the advantage of an introduction to Beaumarchais' 'Mariage de Figaro,' and to some of Molière's fine comedies, besides other lighter and

shorter dramatic pieces. There was an actor of the name of Duhez, who played admirably the part of Alceste in Molière's 'Misanthrope,' and whose look and manner still remain visible to my memory, while the recollection of such amusing trifles as '*Mes derniers vingt sous*,' '*Le plus beau jour de ma vie*,' etc., etc., leave the impression of several agreeably-spent evenings. On those evenings when the theatre was not open, Monsieur Bonnefoy generally took me a walk up to the high town, and we had pleasant strolls round the ramparts there, which commanded fine views and pure air, and where he used to talk incessantly, telling me much of the time of his juvenile days, when there was talk of an intended invasion of England by Napoleon Buonaparte, and when he, young Bonnefoy, served for a time on board one of the frigates then lying off Boulogne, and of his own skill in navigation, acquired even in that brief service. He was naïvely proud of his knowledge, whatever its kind, and as

naïvely expressed his pride thereon. On one occasion, when my father's pupil, Edward Holmes, paid me a visit at Boulogne, on his way to Paris, I remember Monsieur Bonnefoy's indulging in openly-shown, amused scorn at the Englishman's astronomical ignorance by looking for the rising moon in the wrong quarter of the heavens. From our walks round the ramparts of the high town, we passed by a certain bookseller's shop, kept by a friend of Monsieur Bonnefoy's; and he never failed to stop and have a chat with this friend, who was a lively, laughing man, and who used to show us any new works that he had added to his store. My days at Boulogne were passed most pleasantly and profitably as regarded my parents' views in sending me there. My health was strengthened, and my appetite was more vigorous than I have ever experienced it elsewhere. Early every morning I accompanied Madame Bonnefoy to the market-place, which occupied a broad space in

front of the *Cathédrale*. It formed a brilliant and animated scene—the peasant women with their many-coloured costumes, the fishwomen with their baskets slung at their backs, their high white caps, long gold earrings (some mere dangling pendants, others formed like acorns), their short petticoats and wooden shoes—all these people chattering and screaming in broad *patois* at the very top of their voices. Amidst them Madame Bonnefoy good-humouredly made her way, steadily making her purchases for the day's consumption, piling them into a large basket, carried by one of the ever-ready *jeunes filles*, at hand for that purpose. Eggs bought by the quarter-hundred at a time, butter in gigantic pats of the size and shape of a pine-apple, fresh vegetables and meat for the *pot-au-feu*, set on to seethe and stew as soon as we went back to the house. Madame Bonnefoy was a super-excellent cook, and she devoted her culinary skill to the well-being of her household. At stated periods

she made enormous loaves of *pain de ménage*, huge slices of which, buttered with unsparing hand, I used to dispose of with marvellous gusto. During the forenoon I studied my lessons ready for my mid-day tuition from Monsieur Bonnefoy; and in the evening came the theatre, or the walk and talk on the ramparts with him.

On my return to England, it was agreed that I should begin my intended profession—that of a governess; and an engagement was soon found for me in the family of a gentleman and lady named Purcell, four of whose children I was to teach. The 'four' proved really to be five, for the youngest was oftener sent to the schoolroom than kept in the nursery. However, nothing could be kinder to me than the lady of the house. I was taken down, late one evening, in their chariot to their country residence at Cranford, and it was a curious experience to find myself seated in the dark, with perfect strangers beside me, and being driven to a spot I had never seen. But when I saw it next morning I found it

a most attractive 'cottage orné.' Its ground-floor rooms were fitted up in the tastefullest style, one with a trellised papering of honeysuckles, interspersed with mirrors let into the wall; another with roses, chandeliers, girandoles, and so on, that took my girlish fancy immensely. Before seeing this pretty interior I had been into the garden, for I was always an early riser; and, moreover, I wanted a quiet hour to make myself acquainted with my new surroundings, and also to look over the lessons I should have to give my young pupils during the day.' Even thus immediately I experienced the kindness of my lady-employer; for when she learned that I had asked whether I might eat an apple that I found fallen on the grass, she gave me leave to take an apple from the tree whenever I felt inclined to eat one before breakfast. So young was I, that I was no more than two years older than my eldest pupil, and I soon became popular with her and her brothers when they found that, after lessons were over, I used to tell them stories, and even made a

small theatre for them, with books stuck up for side-scenes, and paper dolls for the actors and actresses. One of these paper performers became so great a favourite with the children that they called her 'Norah' (she generally represented some faithful nurse or equally estimable character), and invariably gave her a round of applause when she made her appearance. The fame of these theatrical entertainments reaching the ears of the children's mamma, she condescended to be present at one of them, and gave her hearty approval. One of my chief anxieties while I was a governess was lest my pianoforte teaching and playing should not fulfil the expectation of my employers; for whenever I was requested to come up to the drawing-room and play a duet with either of my pupils, the second one always executed her part with unusual carelessness, infinitely less well than she played at other times. I remember especially one evening when I suffered an agony of nervousness while playing with Miss Celia an arrangement for four hands

of the fine overture to Weber's 'Freischütz' (which overture, by-the-bye, had the unprecedented compliment of being invariably encored at the theatre this first season of the opera's being brought out in London), for we both played so miserably that I pictured to myself the company in the drawing-room saying, 'Can this be Vincent Novello's daughter?' On the approach of winter, the family returned to town and occupied their house in Montague Square. This was a great pleasure to me, for I was nearer home and I could have news of my dear ones often. My father and mother indulged me with frequent letters, though at that time the postage of a letter from even so near a place as Shacklewell to London was actually threepence! But what treasures of parental tenderness and fond encouragement those letters were. One of them from my father and one from my mother I have still, I'm grateful to say. These letters used to be brought into the schoolroom for me by Joe, a black servant, who had been a devotedly-attached attendant

upon Mrs Purcell when she was a young child in the West Indies, and she had brought him with her to Europe, where she retained him in her service as footman. He was an excellent fellow, sweet-natured and kindly. When he entered the schoolroom with a letter in his hand, his white teeth would gleam through his grinning lips, his eyes would sparkle with gladness, knowing that he brought me happiness in this missive from my parents. It was Joe whom his mistress sent to attend me, when she wished that I should go to the evening services of Compline and Tenebræ at South Street Chapel, as well as accompanying the children to Mass and Vespers there; and I remember how odd it seemed to me to be followed in the street by a footman.

But besides my letters from home came another great and unexpected joy to me, in the shape of visits now and then from ever-cheerful-spirited Charles Cowden-Clarke, who lent me books and brought me direct news from my parents. So bright, so genial, so

inspiriting was his presence, that he seemed as though he had seen but scarce two decades of existence, though in reality he had fully entered upon his third. Well might he thank the Divine Giver 'for youth and mirth and health' as he had done that very year before, when he wrote his beautifully devout

HYMN TO GOD.

In Thy large temple—the blue depth of space—
And on the altar of Thy quiet fields,
(Fit shrine to hold the beauty of Thy love)
Great Spirit! with earnest cheerfulness I place
This off'ring, which a grateful heart now yields,
For all those high and gracious thoughts that rove
O'er all Thy works; for all the rare delights
Of eye and ear; harmonious forms and strains
Of deepest breath, for each ensuing spring,
With all its tender leaves and blossoming;
And dainty smells that steam from dropping rains;
For sunlit days, and silent, shining nights,
For youth, and mirth, and health, though dashed with smarts
(As luscious creams are tinged with bitterness);
For Hope—sweet Hope! unconscious of alloy,
For peaceful thoughts, kind faces, loving hearts,
That suck out all the poison from distress;
For all these gifts I offer gratitude and joy!

The books he brought to Montague Square reminded me of two that he had given, some years before, to my sister Cecilia and to me, when we were little girls, and had each hemmed six silk pocket-handkerchiefs for him. The book he gave to Cecilia was Mary Lamb's 'Mrs Leicester's School,' and the one he gave to me was Charles Lamb's 'Adventures of Ulysses.' It bears on its blank page the words, 'Victoria Novello, from her sincere friend, Charles Cowden-Clarke, 22d February 1819.' This, his first gift to me, is on the library shelf opposite to me as I write.

I ought to have mentioned that an exceptionally proud gratification was mine when I earned my first five-pound note (my salary was twenty pounds a year), and I lay with the precious morsel of paper all night under my pillow. Next morning I was kindly allowed a holiday, when I asked leave to go and take the note to my mother myself.

It gives me pleasure to record another and very special instance of my lady-employer's amiable consideration for me. Once she gave

a grand ball at her house, and she presented me with a sprigged muslin frock, and dressed my hair with her own hands, in order that her young governess might appear prettily attired in the dancing-room.

When spring came round, a superlative treat was planned for me by Charles Cowden-Clarke, who asked my mother and me to meet at his modest London lodgings, that we might go with him to Covent Garden Theatre and hear the new opera of 'Oberon,' which had been composed expressly for the then manager there, Charles Kemble, in consequence of the marked success of the previous opera, 'Der Freischütz.' Permission was (with the usual indulgence I met with from Mrs Purcell) granted me to accept this invitation, and a most memorable event it proved to be. The meeting with my beloved mother, the reception by our sprightly host, the delicious April sunshine pouring through the green Venetian blinds, the fine engraving propped on the table for our inspection, began the harmonious

entertainment most harmoniously. While he and I lingered near each other, looking together at the picture (it was a print from Raphael's 'School of Athens'), the young girl's heart learnt its own secret—that it had given itself entirely to him who was by her side. Then came the delight of witnessing the first night's performance of Carl Maria Weber's enchanting fairy opera, the composer himself appearing in the orchestra and conducting the music. First-rate singers, first-rate instrumentalists, first-rate painters (for Roberts and Stanfield contributed some of the fine, poetic scenes) combined to make that first night of 'Oberon' a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

As the season advanced, my health gave way so visibly that my parents resolved to withdraw me from my situation, where the noise and fatigue inevitable upon the daily presence of five young children had produced overwhelming headaches and almost total loss of appetite. Their mamma was kind and attentive to me in a most un-

wonted degree of personal care from a lady in her position to a young girl in mine. She generally came into the room where I and my pupils took our early dinner, and more than once ordered something for me that she thought might tempt me to eat, always accompanying the meal by a special glass of wine to give me strength. But when all failed to restore me, and I was to leave her employment, she put the climax to her amiable conduct by telling me that if ever I resumed governess-ship, she hoped I would let her know, in order that she might have an opportunity of re-engaging me.

Sea air having been recommended for me, my father and mother took me, one of my brothers and one of my sisters, to a pretty spot called Little Bohemia, not far from Hastings, where we spent many weeks, taking early plunges in the sea of a morning, long walks during the day, and pleasant talks in the evening. My brother Alfred was fond of being read to,

therefore I usually had a book in my hand as we wandered through the pleasant neighbourhood, and read to him many an amusing or interesting narrative. Hollington Wood, Old Roar, etc., etc., were the scenes of our rambles, and much we enjoyed them in their rural beauty. That summer there was a very singular blight, or rather two blights. One was a visitation of the minutest black insects, who settled on our necks, shoulders, arms, faces—in short, wherever the skin was uncovered and allowed them to settle upon it. The other blight was inimical to the first blight, being no other than myriads of ladybirds, who devoured the black insects and swarmed to such an extent on all the vegetation around that every twig of the hedges looked like branches of reddest coral.

By the time we returned to Shacklewell, I was wonderfully improved in health, so much had I benefited by my summer at the seaside and by the exercise in the

open air which I had been able to take. Life was very bright to me. Charles Cowden-Clarke came oftener and oftener down from town to see us, and when he could not come, he would send a letter to Brunswick Square, where my father taught on Tuesdays and Fridays at Miss Campbell's school for twenty-seven years. Happy the girl whose letters from and to the man she prefers are conveyed by her own father. Our mutual sympathy became more and more confirmed, until on the 1st of November that year (1826) we were affianced to each other. I, being so young —only seventeen—he had first written to my parents, asking their approval of his suit and their consent to his making known to me his wish that I should become his wife, knowing how truly I should be glad he took this course of appealing to them first. They, esteeming and loving him as they did, were rejoiced to learn this prospect of happiness for their daughter, and gave him their cordial consent.

The first walk in London that my Charles and I took together after this event, we went to Leicester Square, where dwelt a pleasant old jeweller, Mr Chandler, who knew us Novellos well, his acquaintance with our family dating from the time when he had had friendly intercourse with my maternal grandfather, and ever since, whatever trinket-purchasing or trinket-mending was needed, Mr Chandler was applied to. Now, I was taken thither in order to choose an engagement ring, and I remember old Mr Chandler's roguish smile and remark when he perceived that I tried it on the third finger of my left hand. The ring was a very simple one—a half-hoop of garnets—for knowing that my betrothed was not a rich man, I stipulated that it should not be a costly ring; but it was a charming one to me, and Mr Chandler told us it had been faceted by a clever diamond-cutter. He was, according to his wont, full of entertaining and intelligent chat, and among other

curiosities showed us Queen Elizabeth's watch, which was of the thickness of clasped hands.

In the course of that day's walk, we passed several shops where Charles wanted to enter and buy various knacks for me; but I exercised my new right of despotic authority, and forbade him to squander his money, which I hoped he would hoard, as I intended to begin helping him to economise henceforth. I resumed, more warmly than ever, my desire to earn some contribution to our family income, as it was my parents' kind promise that I, as well as this new well-loved member thereof, should continue to reside with them after our marriage. Meanwhile, they removed from Shacklewell to No. 22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and it was here that I made my first attempt in literary production. My only confidant was my sister Cecilia. I wrote one short paper, entitled 'My Arm Chair,' signed merely 'M. H.' These initials I meant to

represent 'Mary Howard,' because my father had, in his juvenile days, enacted the part of Sir John Falstaff as Mr Howard at some private theatricals. I sent my paper to the office where Hone's 'Table Book' was published, and to my great joy, and to that of my sister-confidant, my paper was promptly accepted, making its appearance in an early subsequent number of that interesting periodical. To figure in the same volumes where dear and honoured Charles Lamb was contributing his selections from 'The Garrick Plays' was in itself a greatly-to-be-prized distinction, but my happiest triumph was when I showed the paper to my Charles, telling him it was written by a girl of seventeen, and watched his look of pleased surprise when I told him *who* that girl was. I may here mention that this contribution of mine to Hone's 'Table Book' was followed by five others, respectively entitled, 'My Desk,' 'My Home,' 'My Pocket-Book,' 'Inn Yards,' and a paper on the '*Assignats*' in currency at the time of

the French Republic of 1792. The paper was headed by a printed facsimile of an '*Assignat di dix sous*,' from one that had been given to me by my kind old tutor, Monsieur Bonnefoy.

A very delightful visit to the West of England was the one I made that summer to Mrs John Clarke (who, after the loss of her husband, had gone to live at Frome, in Somersetshire, with her unmarried youngest daughter) in order that I might make the acquaintance of my future mother-in-law. Her married daughter, Mrs Towers, resided at some miles distant from her, at Standerwick. It was to Mrs Towers that Charles Lamb addressed the following pleasant sonnet, written in her album :—

'Lady Unknown, who crav'st from me, Unknown,
The trifle of a verse these leaves to grace,
How shall I find fit matter? with what face
Address a face that ne'er to me was shown?
Thy looks, tones, gestures, manners and what not,
Conjecturing, I wander in the dark.
I know thee only sister to Charles Clarke!
But at that name my cold Muse waxes hot,

And swears that thou art such a one as he;
Warm, laughter-loving, with a touch of madness,
Wild, glee-provoking, pouring oil of gladness
From frank heart without guile. And if thou be
The pure reverse of this, and I mistake—
Demure one, I will like thee for his sake.'

She was the authoress of three books for young people, 'The Children's Fireside,' 'The Young Wanderer's Cave,' and 'The Adventures of Tom Starboard,' and in Leigh Hunt's 'Literary Examiner' for December 13th, 1823, appeared her clever 'Stanzas to a Fly that had survived the Winter of 1822.'

My reception by Charles's mother was all that I could have hoped of affectionate cordiality. It was evident that she 'took to me' (as the phrase is) at once. She had a way of putting her hand upon my knee caressingly, when I sat by her side and she talked to me, a token of liking that Charles told me he had never seen her give, excepting to one young lady whom she had known, and was very fond of, in the old Enfield times. Curiously enough, she more than

once inadvertently called me by that young lady's name instead of my own, as if I somehow reminded her of the girl she had so much loved.

At first, when evening came, Mrs Clarke used to leave her youngest daughter in one parlour to receive the visit of a neighbouring gentleman to whom Eliza was engaged, while Charles and I were left in the other parlour, with the idea that the two couples of lovers might like to be sole company for each other; but very soon Charles and I went upstairs to fetch down his mother, as we told her we could not afford to lose so many hours of her society, now that we had come on purpose to be as much with her as possible. But she made us go out of mornings to enjoy rambles in the picturesque vicinity; one of our frequent resorts being the lovely park of Orchard Leigh. Here it was so peaceful, and so much to ourselves, that the cows used to come up and look at us as strange beings who had wandered there they knew not how, and who were too quietly

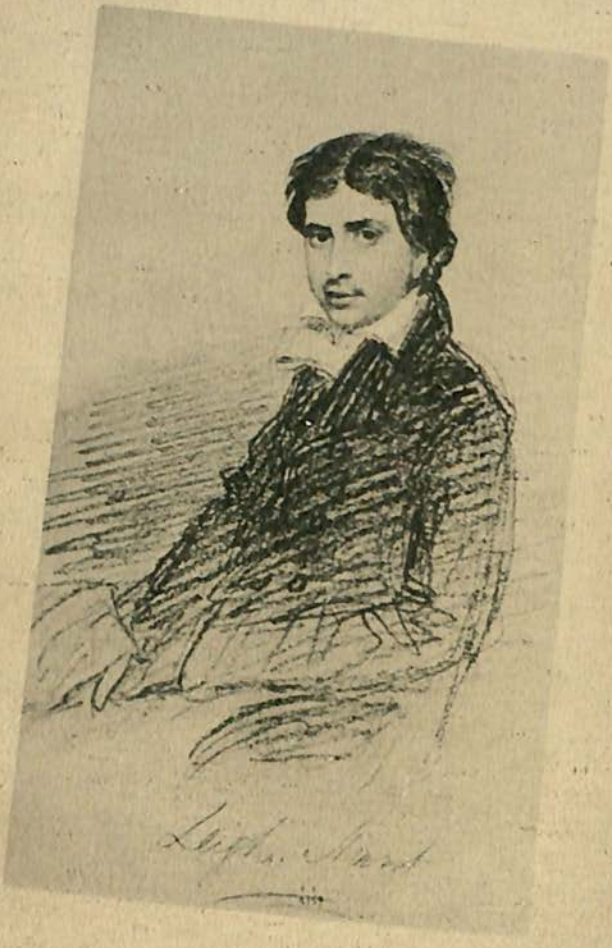
occupied with each other to need being any farther noticed.

One of the very earliest excursions planned for us by Charles's mother was a drive over to Standerwick. On our way thither we passed through the Marquis of Bath's beautiful estate—Long Leat. It so chanced that while the carriage ran by the side of a broad sheet of water there, we had a rare and interesting sight. A pair of swans rose from the lake and took flight to a short distance, affording the seldom-seen view of swans in the air.

On reaching the dwelling of the Towers family, Mrs Towers entered the room with her youngest child in her arms, beaming with smiles at our advent. She and her brother were warmly attached to each other, and the friendship she at once formed with his chosen future wife never ceased as long as she lived. In consequence of our having to return early to Frome, lunch was promptly laid on the table, and I recollect observing the tasteful mode in which it was arranged, with the exquisite effect of colouring pro-

duced by a large bowl of snowy curds and whey in contrast with a ruby-hued heap of gooseberry jam near it in the centre of the hospitable board. Mrs Towers was as famous for her home-made jams and other dulcet preparations as for her books and verses.

This visit to Charles's mother made me regret more than ever—as I had often regretted before—that I had never known his father. He had retired from the school at Enfield, and had gone to reside at Ramsgate before any meeting of our respective families had taken place; but Charles always averred that he knew his father and I would have sympathised with each other intensely, and would have become fast friends. He was a man of nobly liberal opinions, of refined taste in literature, was as gentle-hearted as he was wise, and as wise as he was gentle-hearted. In his youth he had been articled to a lawyer at Northampton, and ran the risk of having to hang a man, in consequence of being deputed to fulfil the sheriff's office, because



of the absence from town of the regularly-appointed executioner. The whole night was spent in an agony of mind by John Clarke while endeavouring to find a substitute for the task so inexpressibly repugnant to him ; therefore, next morning, when he had succeeded, he resolved there and then to leave a situation that had subjected him to so horrible a chance, and at once renounced the legal profession—for which he had never felt any liking—and adopted that of school-master, for which he was eminently fitted. He was always highly esteemed and affectionately regarded by his scholars, several of whom, after they quitted his Enfield school, became men of noted ability—John Keats, Edward Cowper and Edward Holmes being among the number.

Another visit of signal interest that year was one that I paid to Mr and Mrs Leigh Hunt, by their invitation, while they lived at Highgate. I must have always had a touch of romance in my disposition—even as long back as when, quite a child, I had

crept round the sofa to kiss his hand, as I have already recorded. Leigh Hunt, to my imagination, had ever appeared an ideal poet in visible form, and I regarded him with a kind of idolatry, an enthusiasm of reverential affection. Thus, to stay in the same house with him, to be the companion of his walks about such charming environs as Hampstead, Caen Wood, Muswell Hill and Freiern Barnet, to listen to his confidential talk after breakfast, in his flowered morning-gown, when he would discuss with me his then literary projects in a style which showed he felt he had near him one who could thoroughly understand and appreciate his avowed views—all formed a bewitching combination that rendered this visit indeed a memorable one to me. He was then full of a project for writing a book to be called 'Fabulous Zoology,' which was to treat of dragons, griffins, cockatrices, basilisks, etc., etc. He was also busy with translations from French epigrammatic poets, and he would murmur some happily-turned

line in the English rendering he contemplated from Clement Marot or other similar author. He had likewise a fancy for producing a volume of fairy tales, one of which was to be entitled 'Mother Fowl,' as a kind of punning name for a heroine, reminding the reader of 'Mother Goose,' only in this respect —because 'Mother Fowl' was to have been conspicuous for *foul*est dirty ways of mischief, besides being grimiest of the grimy herself.

Having confessed to a touch of romance in my disposition, I may here give an additional proof of its likelihood, by owning that while Leigh Hunt was in Italy I had indulged girlish visions of the delight it would be to me if I could gain a large fortune, carry it thither myself, and lay it at his feet. Again, when he returned thence to England, and I chanced to hear him sing one of Tom Moore's Irish melodies ('Rich and rare were the gems she wore'), I was so excited by the sound of his voice after that lapse of time, that I found the tears silently streaming down my cheeks.

Another visit, but of a very different kind, that year, was paid by my Charles and me together. He took me to see William Hone, who was then detained, by temporary money difficulties, 'within the rules' of the King's Bench Prison; so dingy and smoky were the regions through which we had to pass ere we arrived there, that a morsel of smut found its way to my face and stuck thereon during the first portion of our interview with Mr Hone. When Charles perceived the black intruder, he quickly puffed it off, and went on with his conversation. A day or two afterwards, when Hone again saw Charles, he said to him: 'You are engaged to Miss Novello, are you not?' 'What makes you think so?' was the reply. 'I saw you familiarly blow a smut off the young lady's face, to which familiarity she made no objection; therefore, I naturally guessed you were engaged to each other.' Hone's 'Table Book' had succeeded to his 'Every Day Book'; and it was to this last-named publication that Charles Lamb paid

the gracefully-worded compliment in the concluding stanza of his lines to Hone:—

'Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
The title only errs, he bid me say;
For while such art, wit, reading there are shown,
He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.'

A similarly witty and elegant compliment was paid to his friend, Leigh Hunt, by Charles Lamb, in these lines that ended some he addressed to him at the time when each Wednesday brought out that delightful periodical called 'The Indicator':—

'I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
Or wrong the rules of grammar understood;
But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.
Wit, poet, proseman, partyman, translator—
Hunt, your best title yet is *Indicator*.'

To this periodical my mother was godmother. There had been some difficulty in finding a name for it; and she not only suggested the one ultimately adopted, but she supplied the following passage—which formed

the heading of each number :—'There is a bird in the interior of Africa whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land ; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer, and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes ; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food. This is the *Cuculus Indicator* of Linnæus, otherwise the moroc, bee-cuckoo, or honey-bird.

'"Then he arriving round about doth flie
And takes survey with busie, curious eye ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly."
SPENSER.'

I cannot forbear quoting the concluding droll paragraph of a short article that appeared in the first number of the 'Indicator,' on the 'DIFFICULTY OF FINDING A NAME FOR A

WORK OF THIS KIND.' Leigh Hunt is describing a company of his friends helping him by suggesting titles: 'Some of the names had a meaning in their absurdity, such as "The Adviser, or Helps for Composing"; "The Cheap Reflector, or Every Man His Own Looking-Glass"; "The Retailer, or Every Man his Own Other Man's Wit"; "Nonsense, to be continued." Others were laughable by the mere force of contrast, as "The Crocodile, or Pleasing Companion"; "Chaos, or the Agreeable Miscellany"; "The Fugitive Guide"; "The Footsoldier, or Flowers of Wit"; "Bigotry, or the Cheerful Instructor"; "The Polite Repository of Abuse"; "Blood, being a Collection of Light Essays." Others were sheer ludicrousness and extravagance, as "The Pleasing Ancestor"; "The Silent Remarker"; "The Tart"; "The Leg of Beef, by a Layman"; "The Ingenious Hatband"; "The Boots of Bliss"; "The Occasional Diner"; "The Toothache"; "Recollections of a very Unpleasant Nature"; "Thoughts on a Hill of Considerable Eminence"; "Meditations on a

Pleasing Idea"; "Materials for Drinking"; "The Knocker, No. 1"; "The Hippopotamus, Entered at Stationer's Hall"; "The Pianoforte of Paulus Æmilius"; "The Seven Sleepers at Cards"; "The Arabian Nights on Horseback," with an infinite number of other mortal murders of common sense, which rose to "push us from our stools," and which none but the wise or good-natured would ever think of laughing at.'

. . . . . .

In the next year to that of which I have been writing, my parents removed from Bedford Street to No. 66 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and Charles became urgent with them to let me fix a day for our marriage. It took place with a quiet simplicity that particularly pleased us both. My dear father and mother were the only persons with us when, early in the morning of 5th July 1828, we drove to Bloomsbury Church. Two milkmaids chanced to be standing near as we went up the steps, and I heard one of them say: 'That's the

bride.' A neat white satin cottage bonnet and a white muslin dress—both the work of my own hands—were all the wedding adornments that denoted me to them. A sweet, peaceful solemnity was in the tranquilly-uttered words of the ceremony; but the clerk, after the service, indulged in a smile as he observed me about to sign my new name in the register book, remarking that many brides made this mistake, and directing me to write, for the last time, my maiden name. I remember rather wondering at my own perfect calmness during the service, for I had determined not to follow Charlotte Grandison's example of hesitation at saying the word 'obey,' but to speak 'love, honour and obey' with the full tone that should express the true wish of my heart to faithfully keep this vow. Well might I, with such a man as he was who had chosen me, and whom I had long known, esteemed, respected, admired and warmly loved.

On our return we found breakfast ready

laid, certain of the plates having upon them a gift each, which my mother had, with her usual kind thought, provided for the bride to present to her young brothers and sisters. This pleasant meal and presentation being over, and the wedding-dress exchanged for a thicker muslin and plainer cottage bonnet of straw, we prepared to leave the dear home to which we were soon to return. My mother's sweet, penetrating voice followed us forth, uttering the few but tender words, 'Take care of her, Charley.' Be it here noted, that as soon as Charles became one of the family he was invariably called by that boyish form of his name, proving how ever-young was his nature to the last hour of his existence. He had decided upon making his native Enfield our honeymoon quarters, therefore we took our way to the Bell Inn in Holborn, whence the Edmonton stage-coach started. On our way thither he laughingly told me of a man who had aid to his new-made wife an hour after

their espousals, 'Hitherto, madam, I have been your slave, now you are mine.' When we reached Edmonton we alighted from the coach, and crossed the stile beyond which were the fields that lie between that place and Enfield. Brilliant was the July sun, blue the sky, whereon dainty little white cloudlets appeared like tufts of swandown, scarcely moved by the light summer air. We lingered, leaning on the wooden railing that surmounted the miniature bridge over the rivulet, where Keats used to watch the minnows 'staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,' and on along the 'footpath' which his 'friend Charles' had 'changed for the grassy plain,' when, on parting at night, between their respective homes, Keats says, 'I no more could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly floor.' The very words with which the young poet concluded this, his 'Epistle to Charles Cowden-Clarke,' seemed then and there to be fulfilling, for he goes on to say, 'In those still moments I have wish'd you joys

that well you know to honour,' and the 'joys' of that day certainly crowned with reality the affectionate aspiration. Farther on we went, entering the meadow skirted by the row of sapling oaks planted by Charles's father—the bag of acorns for the purpose being carried by the little son—until we came to the wall belonging to the end of the schoolhouse garden, behind which wall was an arbour where Charles used to read to Keats Spenser's exquisite 'Epithalamion,' and where they talked poetry together, the elder of the two introducing the younger to the divine art, and 'first taught him all the sweets of song,' finally lending him Spenser's 'Fairie Queene,' to Keats's infinite rapture. We took up our abode at a rural hostelry called 'The Greyhound,' kept by a comfortable old man and his daughter, named Powell. This hostelry possessed a pleasant sitting-room overlooking 'the green' and its spreading oak tree, and as pleasant a sleeping-room, with its window screened by a vine trained

across it, casting a verdant, softened light within. It was to the period of our sojourn here that Charles Lamb referred in a letter he afterwards wrote to Charles, saying,—'When you lurked at "The Greyhound." Benedicks are close, but how I so totally missed you at that time, going for my morning cup of ale duly, is a mystery. 'Twas stealing a match before one's face in earnest. But certainly we had not a dream of your propinquity. . . . I promise you the wedding was very pleasant news to me, indeed.'

Enchanting were the daily long walks we took, and enchanted ground seemed the lovely English rural lanes and meadows we passed through, visiting all the most notable points around that vicinity, so dearly associated as it was to us. Often did we turn at once into the roadway where the charming old schoolhouse stood (it was under a stranger's mastership now), and look up at its curious front of rich red brick, moulded into designs re-

presenting garlands of flowers and pomegranates, together with heads of Cherubim, over two niches in the centre of the building, which, on one of its bricks, bore the figures 1717. This frontage was, indeed, esteemed so curious and interesting as a specimen of bygone English domestic architecture, that when, subsequently, the schoolhouse was bought for a railway station the company kept the front carefully, and it was preserved in the exhibition buildings of the Kensington Museum, where I had the pleasure of seeing it when I visited England many years afterwards.

Between the 'two niches' just mentioned, there was the window of a room in which, during some childish illness, Charles had been put to sleep apart from the other boys, and the little fellow—thinking this a capital opportunity—had crept out on to the lead flat over the entrance door, that he might properly and closely inspect the pomegranate garlands and Cherubim,

which he had heard extolled by his elders.

Opposite to the schoolhouse was a bend of the New River, in neighbouring portions of which winding stream Charles and his schoolfellows had enjoyed many a luxurious plunge, and, after bathing, had disdained to use towels, but dried themselves by scampers over the grassy fields close to its shores. Farther on, beyond the schoolhouse, the road led beneath a small wooded acclivity, but large enough to have allowed Charles, when a young lad, to imagine it a forest peopled with dragons, lions, ladies, knights, dwarfs and giants, while he gazed at this spot from a window which commanded a view of it. The road terminated at a place called Ponder's End, but as it possessed no particular interest we generally made this the returning point.

Other days we took the exactly opposite direction, going past the house where Richard Warburton Lytton (grandfather of Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton) resided.

He had been very kind to Charles when quite a young boy, lending him books and talking pleasantly to him while taking exercise on what was then called a 'chamber-horse.'

Proceeding farther, we came to a house with a garden, that had a pond abutting on the road. In this pond were some beautiful water-lilies in full bloom, and we always used to stop and look at them; for it so chanced that they were the first I had ever seen. Then we came to a stile, giving entrance to a series of delicious green fields, which were exchanged for a path through a small wood, then more fields, until we reached Winchmore Hill. The exceeding beauty of this district had been charmingly described by Charles, in a short paper called 'Walks round London,' No. 1, which appeared in Leigh Hunt's 'Literary Pocket Book,' or 'Companion for the Lovers of Nature and Art,' in the year 1820.

Sometimes we wandered as far as Theobald's Park and White-Webb's Wood, tra-

ditionally said to be the place where the conspirators in James the First's reign used to meet. My remembrance of it is that of a quiet, umbrageous spot, delightful for a rest after a pedestrian ramble. Very frequently we made our way back, from one of these walks, to our hostelry, along a rustic path which ran parallel with the chief street of Enfield; partly because it was more tranquil and retired, partly because it was more shady, and lastly, because it was near to a rookery, which had peculiar attraction for us, being the abode of birds, watched of an evening by Charles and his schoolfellows, who used to look up and shout to the black train as it came home to roost, 'Lag, lag, laglast!' Once, however, we were startled by the report of a gun, and saw some dark object fall, that reminded us of the feathered victim of Caspar's magic shot in Weber's 'Freischütz'; but it was probably some harmless gamekeeper occupied in the discharge of his duty.

On our return to town we were

welcomed to our parents' home, making it happily ours in every sense of the word, and it continued thus wherever their domicile might be situated. For twenty years we enjoyed that privilege of living with them—a privilege as delightful as rare.

Ere quite settling down, Charles Lamb invited us to spend a week with him and his sister (who were then living at Chaseside, Enfield), to make amends for our having 'lurked at "The Greyhound," ' when he 'had not a dream of our propinquity.' How fully and delightfully that visit enabled us to behold him in his individuality of whimsical humour as well as his thoroughly tender and kind nature. His lifelong devotion to his sister had been practically proved; but his mingled playfulness of treatment and manner towards her were indicated in his once saying to us, with his arch smile, "'I always call my sister Maria when we are alone together, Mary when we are with friends, and Moll before the servants.'

He was as fond of long walks as we were,

and had equal admiration for Enfield and its environs as we had. He showed us the very spot where a dog had been pertinacious in following him, and whom he sought to get rid of by *tiring him out (!)*, had given up the contest of perseverance, and had dropped down under a hedge dead beat. He took us to Cheshunt and to Northaw, with the hope of finding a famous old giant oak tree we had severally heard was to be seen at one or other of these places; but the search was vain in both cases. The disappointment was small, but the pleasure of the walks infinite. On one especial occasion, when Fanny Kelly chanced to come down from London to see the Lambs at Chaseside when we were there, a walk was proposed which took us past a picturesque ford, at a little distance from a wayside waggon-inn. Beside this country inn were pleasant shady seats, and Lamb proposed we should tarry awhile and rest. Neither Fanny Kelly nor we two declining the proposal, but glad to please him, and glad to have the pleasure of sitting there with

him and his sister, and the delightful actress, we loitered, leisurely sipping our draughts of malt, in a companionship most pleasant to me to remember. By-the-bye, I may record that I won Charles Lamb's increase of esteem (on some occasion when I was speaking of my father's having made me at rare times acquainted with that 'Lutheran Beer,' porter, alluded to in Elia's 'Chapter on Ears') by saying that I preferred Barclay & Perkins's brewage to Whitbread's, or any other brewers that I had ever tasted. He was fond of testing people's capacity for understanding his mode of indulging in odd, bluntish speeches, but which contained a certain quaint evidence of familiar liking. Once, when we were returning from a walk, and Mary Lamb took the opportunity of calling in to make some purchases she needed at a village linen-draper's shop near Winchmore Hill, her brother, standing by with us, addressed the mistress of the shop in a tone of pretended sympathy, saying: 'I hear that trade's falling off, Mrs Udall, how's this?' The stout,

cheery woman only smiled and answered good-humouredly, for it was evident that she was acquainted with Charles Lamb's whimsical way, he being familiarly known at the shops where his sister dealt.

Another time, during this visit to the Lambs, he had given his arm to me, and left my husband to escort Miss Lamb, who walked at rather more slow a pace than her brother, while we were going to spend the evening at the house of a somewhat prim lady school-mistress. On entering the room, Charles Lamb introduced me to this rather formal hostess with the words, 'Mrs ——, I've brought you the wife of the man who mortally hates your husband,' and when the lady replied by a polite inquiry after Miss Lamb, hoping she was quite well, Charles Lamb said, 'She has a terrible fit of toothache this evening, so Mr Cowden-Clarke remained to keep her company.' Soon after this, the two appearing, Lamb went on to say, 'Mrs Cowden-Clarke has been telling me, as we came along, that she hopes you have sprats for supper.' The

lady's puzzled look, contrasted by the smiling calmness with which we stood by listening to him, were precisely the effects that amused Lamb to produce. I have heard him say that he never stammered when he told a lie. This was in humorous reference to the slight hesitation in his speech which he often had when talking.

On the last evening of this delightful visit, Charles Lamb (who was fond of whist and had asked us whether we were good hands at the game, we disclaiming any such excellence, had brought his rejoinder of, 'Oh, then, I'll not ask you to play; I hate playing with bad players') said, 'Let's have a game of whist, just to see what you are like;' and at the end of the trial he burst out with, 'If I had known you could play as well as this, we would have had whist every evening.'

He was the cordialest of hosts—playful, genial, hospitably promotive of pleasureable things, walks, cheerful meals, and the very best of talk. It had been said of him that he always said the best thing of the evening,

when even the finest spirits of the time met together. His hospitality, while we were visiting him that memorable week, the incidents of which I have been recording, was characteristically manifested one day, in his own peculiarly whimsical way, by his starting up from dinner, hastening to the front garden gate, and opening it for a donkey, who he saw standing there, and looking, as Lamb said, as if it wanted to come in and munch some of the grass growing so plentifully behind the railing.

When we returned home to enter upon our intended course of life, my Charles at once made himself truly one of the family, taking a brotherly interest in Alfred's preparations for soon beginning business as a music-seller; in Edward's attendance at Mr Sass's School of Design, having shown decided talent for drawing, and possessing an ardent desire for becoming an artist; in Clara's already manifest vocal ability (she was but three years old when she startled her parents by singing correctly the tune of '*Di tanti palpiti*,' which she

had merely heard played on a barrel-organ in the street; and I often afterwards used to see my father call her to the piano, with her doll in her arms, to sing some song of Handel's or Mozart's that he had taught her, while still a mere child); and in the lessons of the two youngest girls, which lessons Charles gave them himself. The two children used to lie down on the carpet, one on each side of his chair, with their slates and their books before them, while he continued his own writing, until his little pupils should be ready to repeat the lessons they had learned.

'He busied himself with the articles he had to write for the 'Atlas' newspaper, on the staff of which he was engaged for notices of the 'Fine Arts.' And, with papers on 'Theatricals' for the 'Examiner' newspaper. This latter-named engagement afforded us most congenial entertainments for our evenings, since it took us perpetually to the different theatres, sometimes having to go to two of them on the same evening—perhaps a new comedy at Drury Lane or Covent

Garden, followed by a new farce at the Haymarket or Lyceum. Not being able to afford a cab, we used to trudge on foot to each of these appointed houses, Charles with his dress coat and waistcoat covered by a cloak, I with 'full dress,' needed for the 'Dress Circle,' similarly enveloped. Heartily did we enjoy these necessary economies; as, indeed, then and long afterwards we did, during the period when they had to be practised. Mutual esteem and passionate attachment made poverty (or perhaps I should say very small means) seem scarcely an evil, but, on the contrary, something to be cheerfully and willingly borne, being borne together and for the sake of each other. Moreover, we had the blessing of generously kind parents, who let us contribute our share of the household expenses at such convenient periods as best suited our earned receipts. These were added to by Charles's acceptance of a thoroughly uncongenial post as editor of, and writer in, a periodical entitled 'The Repertory of Patent Inventions.' But he and we

all took refuge from the dryness of the task by making it the subject of constant laughter and jest in our family circle. Not one of us read it; not one of us cared even to look at it, save on a single occasion, when Charles, having indulged himself by writing a rather facetious article on some heavy, newly-invented manufacture, was rebuked by a communication from a person signing himself 'Fairy' (of all names in the world!) for writing so *lightly* on such a weightily important theme! To recur to the pleasanter subject of the theatrical notices Charles had to write, and the theatre-goings they involved for us both. We had before then had the good fortune to see the very best acting; that of Edmund Kean, Dowton, Munden, Liston, the elder Mathews, Miss Kelly, Mrs Davenport, etc. The first named I had seen in his rarely performed part of Luke, in a play called 'Riches,' and also as Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's 'A New Way to pay Old Debts.' As Luke I remember his entrance while supposed to be desperately poor

—his head bent, his whole frame stooping, his clothes of the meanest, and bearing beneath his arms and dependent from his hands various bundles he had been ordered to carry. Of his Sir Giles Overreach I chiefly remember the death-scene. Kean lay prostrate near to the footlights, his face and figure clearly visible to the audience, and fearfully true to the ebbing of life was the picture they presented. In 'Othello,' a striking point was the mode in which he clung to the side scene when uttering the words, 'Not a jot, not a jot,' in Act iii. Scene 3, as if trying to steady himself against the heart-blow he was receiving. Towards the latter portion of his career, Kean most frequently played Shylock, and grand was his playing throughout. But a superb piece of action and voice was his, as he delivered the speech, concluding with the words—'The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.' He seemed positively to writhe from head to foot as he poured forth his anguished recapitulation of his own

and his nation's wrongs, of his deadly hatred of the wrongers, and of his as deadly determination to have his revenge upon them. Dowton's great part of Dr Cantwell in 'The Hypocrite' (Cibber's translated version of Molière's 'Tartuffe') was impressed upon my memory, if only by the tone of his voice—subdued, would-be meek, while Cantwell is sustaining the appearance of prone devotion—and the insolent loudness of the tone, when, the mask thrown off, he proclaims himself master of the house and all its inmates. In the first place he calls to Sir John Lambert's Secretary, softly and mildly, 'Charles!' in utter contrast with the mode in which he roughly and peremptorily calls out to him, in the latter case, 'Seyward!' The two so remarkably differing tones still seem to reach my ears as I write.

Munden could be impressive in grave characters as well as great in ultra-comic power, celebrated by Charles Lamb in his Elia paper, entitled 'On the Acting of Munden.' Besides seeing him in old 'Cockle-

top' and in 'Crack the Cobbler,' I witnessed his admirable performance of old Dornton in the 'Road to Ruin'—a perfect gentleman in bearing and conduct, a sorrowful father grieved by his son's indiscretions. His very commencement in the opening scene—'Past two o'clock and Harry not yet returned'—rings touchingly even now upon my hearing, accompanied as the words were by the sad and anxious look upon his face while drawing the watch from its fob. Liston, the inimitable, also could be excellent in pathetic parts, although so famed for his surpassing comic performances. He, too, had been written of by Charles Lamb, who, in one instance, wrote what he named 'The Biographical Memoir of Mr Liston'—absurdly fictitious but certainly most humorous. The character I saw him play, where he had one scene of profound pathos, was Russet, in Colman's play of 'The Jealous Wife.' The father's agony, when he fears that his daughter has been carried off by a libertine young man, amounted to the tragic in its storm of

mingled rage and grief. Few witnessing his power of serious acting in that scene could believe that a man who so often made them burst into roars of laughter was one and the same individual. I heard that Liston once laid a wager with Kean (who had said that nothing could disturb his seriousness while on the stage) that he could succeed in making him laugh even there. Once, when Kean was playing Rolla, a procession of veiled Virgins of the Sun had to enter and pass before him. The first virgin, as she passed, suddenly raised her veil, confronted Kean with the irresistible visage of Liston, and the wager was won, for Kean went off into an incontrollable fit of laughter. We used not infrequently to meet Mr and Mrs Liston at the Lambs' apartments while they lived in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and I once heard Mrs Liston sing. It was in a small operatic afterpiece. She had a very sweet voice, a fair complexion, and a dumpling figure, which caused some wag to say she looked like a fillet of veal upon castors.

Another of our early dramatic treats had been seeing the elder Mathews in his celebrated 'Entertainments,' in which he not only represented one, but often several different personages. There was a scene, where two burglars were supposed to be stealing into a house with intention to rob. So quickly were the changes of garment effected, while passing behind a screen, or darting swiftly and noiselessly off and on the side scenes, so amazingly well altered were the manner, voice and look of the two thieves that it was scarcely possible to believe them to be the same individual. A scene in another of these 'Entertainments' was a London street at night, where a watchman's box occupied the centre of the stage. Mathews, as an old watchman, entered, and after a grumbling speech went into his box to have a cosy nap. Then, successively, came along the front of the stage some of the actors most popular in that day, supposed to be returning home after the night's performance at the theatre. Even now I can hear the intonation of Kean's

voice and imitation of his look as given by Mathews while passing before the watch-box; then Braham, then Liston and several others followed, all equally 'done to the life' by the wonderfully accurate mimic. One of his most famous impersonations in still another of these 'Entertainments' was an old Scotchwoman, garrulous and full of anecdote; and yet another—a father of a family conducting his youngsters through the illuminated marvels of Vauxhall Gardens, perpetually slapping and cuffing them to keep them in order before him, and calling out—'Keep together! keep together, I tell you! I brought you out to make you happy, why can't you keep together?'

During the time of our theatre-goings after marriage, we still saw delightful dramas, wherein Kean, Dowton, Munden, etc., were the chief performers at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, while at the other houses we had the gratification of witnessing many 'First Nights' of peculiar interest. Charles's engagement to write the theatrical notices

of course afforded peculiar opportunity for this privilege. Thus we were present when several of Douglas Jerrold's plays came out—his 'Housekeeper,' 'Nell Gwynne,' 'The Prisoner of War,' 'Time Works Wonders,' etc., and we had the pleasure of seeing the author himself in the principal character of his 'Painter of Ghent,' when he played it for the first few nights. We saw Liston's first appearance in Poole's 'Paul Pry,' at once making a prodigious 'hit.' At the Olympic we were among the audience when Madame Vestris appeared as 'Orpheus,' clad in the smallest amount of clothing I had ever *then* seen worn upon the stage. Her figure was perfection. She looked like an exquisite Greek statue. In a shop window in Oxford Street there used to be seen a sandal of Madame Vestris's, her foot being renowned for its small size and great beauty.

Our evenings at the theatres brought us frequently into companionship with that super-excellent critic, William Hazlitt, who was likewise occupied in writing theatrical notices

—those for the 'Times' newspaper. It was always a treat to sit beside him, when he talked delightfully; and once, on going to his own lodging, he showed us a copy he had made of Titian's 'Ippolito dei Medici,' and conversed finely upon Titian's genius. Hazlitt's gift in painting was remarkable. A portrait he took of his old nurse—a mere head, the upper part of the face in strong shadow from an over-pending black silk bonnet edged with black lace, while the wrinkled cheeks, the lines about the mouth, with the touches of actual and reflected light, were given with such vigour and truth as might well recall the style of the renowned Flemish master, and actually did cause a good judge of the art to say to Hazlitt—'Where did you get that Rembrandt?'

At the theatre we frequently beheld Godwin, with his eyes fixed upon the stage, his arms folded across his chest, while his glistening bald head—which somebody had said was entirely without the organ of veneration—made him conspicuous even at a

distance; and similarly beheld was Horace Smith, whose profile bore a remarkable likeness to that of Socrates (as known to us through traditional delineation), and whose 'Rejected Addresses' were so admiringly and risibly known to us.

When the first anniversary of our wedding came round, Charles and I indulged ourselves with accepting his sister's invitation to spend a fortnight's visit to her and her family at Standerwick. A pleasant and even memorable time it was to us. The house stood near to a wooded spot, where we could hear a certain kind of thrush, called a storm-cock, sing the whole day long, with a perseverance native to him, perched on the top of a high tree. Mr and Mrs Towers, delightfully hospitable and intent upon making our stay in every way delightful to us, taking us charming walks to see all the most picturesque spots around them, and furnishing the most interesting topics of conversation, versed as they both were in literature; while Mr Towers was an enthu-

siastic lover of music, no mean performer on the pianoforte himself, besides being skilful and practical in chemistry. It was at their breakfast-table one morning that regret was expressed with regard to there being no Concordance to Shakespeare in existence. Eagerly, as is my nature, I immediately resolved that I would undertake this work, and, accordingly, when after breakfast a walk was proposed over to Warminster, I took with me a volume of Shakespeare, a pencil and paper, and jotted down my plan, beginning with the first line of my intended book. During our walk we chanced to pass an enclosure where some sea-gulls were kept and were screaming loudly. I have never heard that sound since, but I have associated it with that day of commencing my sixteen years' work.

Besides his theatrical and fine art notices, Charles busied himself with writing some books he had in hand. One was a tasteful boy's book, called 'Adam the Gardener'; another was his beautifully-rendered 'Tales

from Chaucer,' and a third named 'Nyren's Cricketer's Guide,' which was the result of putting into readable form the recollections of a vigorous old friend who had been a famous cricketer in his youth and early manhood, and who, in his advanced age, used to come and communicate his cricketing experiences to Charles with chuckling pride and complacent reminiscence.

It was in this same year of 1829 that my father and mother took a journey to Germany for the purpose of conveying to Mozart's sister, Madame Sonnenberg (who was then out of health and in poor circumstances), a sum of money which had been subscribed by some musical admirers of her brother's genius. My father had been the originator of this subscription, and undertook all its contingent expenses himself; therefore, it was with pleased zeal that he went on this expedition to Salzburg. He kept a diary during its progress, and records with enthusiasm its incidents. Extracts from this diary are given in my 'Life and Labours of Vincent Novello.

Ere the close of the year, Madame Sonnenberg died, and Vincent Novello crowned his tribute of respect to her by getting up a performance of her illustrious brother's 'Requiem,' with organ accompanied by few but choice instruments and voices. It so chanced that the interesting performance was the one which terminated the renowned series that had rendered South Street Chapel so attractive to musical hearers; for soon after it was closed, and the Portuguese Embassy no longer had services there.

It was on their way back from Germany that my parents achieved the accomplishment of their desire to place their daughter Clara in the Academy of Singing for church music at Paris, where Monsieur Choron was headmaster of the establishment. My father called upon him and obtained leave for Clara to enter herself as candidate at the approaching election which was to take place, a vacancy for a pupil there presenting itself. My mother, with her usual energetic decision and prompt activity, immediately set

out to fetch Clara in time for the day of trial. On the eve, one of those who were to be her judges chancing to hear her rehearsing, thought it must be a girl of at least fifteen to whom he listened, so fine was her style, so round and full was her tone. Her father had taught her so well, and had so accustomed her to execute Handel's noblest sacred songs, as well as Mozart's and other operatic composers' arias, that she was thoroughly versed in them. Therefore, next day, when she went through her ordeal, she was as unperturbed and calm as if she were at home; yet she was so child-like and small of stature that she had to be placed upon a low stool in order to be seen by her umpires, and she had attained so few summers of life, that the self-possession and ability with which she sang the 'Agnus Dei' from Mozart's Mass in F., No. 1, and Dr Arne's, 'The Soldier tired,' caused her to be unanimously pronounced the successful candidate against nineteen competitors. That calm self-possession, when she

sang, lasted always; and her voice in its silvery sweetness, with potency of tone, exists still at her now advanced age. Her artistic career was a series of brilliant successes (among them was her having been received by the respective sovereigns at their courts of Windsor, Berlin and St Petersburg with even kindly graciousness); and her domestic life since has been a very happy one.

About this period my father removed from Great Queen Street to No. 67 Frith Street, where his son Alfred was to begin business as a music-seller. Very modest was the shop-front—merely a couple of parlour windows and a glass door displaying a few title-pages bearing composers' names of sterling merit, with Vincent Novello's as editor; but this simple beginning led to an eminent result—that of a sacred music warehouse universally dealt with by the musical world. It affords a striking example of the success that attends genuine love of art and zeal in promoting the diffusion of its

means for cultivation on the part of him who edited, together with industry, punctuality and regularity on the part of the young publisher, aided as they were by the practical counsel and moral encouragement of her who devoted herself to the chief aims of her husband and son—indeed, of all her children. On the evening of the 15th February 1830, my Charles and I were at the Lyceum Theatre, where a French company were giving performances. We saw Potier, a celebrated comedian, play in 'Le Chiffonier,' and 'Le Cuisinier de Buffon.' A few hours after we left the theatre it was burnt to the ground. My brothers, Alfred and Edward, awakened by the glare in the sky, jumped out of their beds and ran off to see the conflagration. When they recounted at breakfast-time what had happened during the night, it may be imagined how fervent was our gratitude at having escaped so great a peril.

Not long after that event my husband and I spent a wonderful hour with Coleridge.

Charles had been requested by his acquaintance, Mr Edmund Reade, to take a message for him to the venerable poet, respecting a poem lately written by Mr Reade, called 'Cain.' Rejoiced were we to have this occasion for a visit to Coleridge, who then resided at Highgate, in Mr Colman's house, and who had formerly been known to Charles at Ramsgate, through Charles Lamb's introduction. 'When I was introduced to him as Vincent Novello's eldest daughter, Coleridge' was struck by my father's name, knowing it to be that of a musician, and forthwith plunged into a fervid and eloquent praise of music, branching into explanation of an idea he had, that the creation of the universe must have been accompanied by a grand prevailing harmony of spheral music.

In that same spring we saw Fanny Kemble play Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice' for her first benefit. We had been in the house the previous autumn when she made her *début* on the stage in the character of Juliet; her

mother, Mrs Charles Kemble, reappearing, for that night only, as Lady Capulet, Mrs Davenport acting the nurse, and Charles Kemble, Mercutio. The enthusiasm of the public was naturally great, for it was known that the young *débutante* had chosen the dramatic profession in the hope of saving the fortunes of the theatre, then at a low ebb and under the lesseeship of her father, while the reappearance of her mother created additional interest. It seems but yesterday that we saw the real tears flowing down Mrs Charles Kemble's cheeks at the hearty welcome of applause that greeted her from the audience, or beheld the animated entrance of Charles Kemble as he sprang forward at the commencement of Act ii. with the elasticity of youth, although we heard that he was then past sixty years of age. He was one of the most gracefully vivacious of actors in characters that required personal attraction and charm of manner. His Archer in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' where a gentleman undertakes to pass for a footman, was so unmistakably

the former, while paying court to a lady in gaily free style, that no wonder Mrs Sullen finds him well-nigh irresistibly polished and winning in speech and manner. His Captain Absolute, his Benedick, his Faulconbridge, his Cassio, were all perfect, and we had the pleasure of seeing him in all these characters. As Cassio, I remember my father saying that, in Scene 2, Act iii., of 'Othello,' Charles Kemble looked like a drunken man trying to appear sober, instead of a sober man trying to look drunk, as many actors do. As Faulconbridge he seemed the embodiment of English chivalry, while in the scene with his mother, Lady Faulconbridge, his manly tenderness, his filial coaxing way of speaking and putting his arm round her as he thanks her for having made Richard Cœur de Lion his father, was something to be grateful for having witnessed. No one but Elliston could compete with Charles Kemble for his supremely winning mode of enacting a wooer. We saw Fanny Kemble many times and in her best parts, thinking so

well of her acting that we found it strange when, years afterwards, we read her slighting mention of herself as a performer. Certainly her Julia in Sheridan Knowles's play of 'The Hunchback' was a piece of nobly-conceived and executed impersonation, while the way in which she looked and acted the queen-mother in her own play of 'Francis the First' was quite admirable. That a young girl of fifteen should have written that strong play was in itself a patent proof of her innate strength and talent with keen perception of dramatic fitness.

The second anniversary of our wedding day was spent delightfully at Cambridge. My father had been asked by the authorities of the Fitzwilliam Museum there to examine the large collection of musical manuscripts in their library; and he accordingly visited Cambridge many times at his own expense for that purpose. On this occasion he made his visit a family holiday, taking with him his wife, his son Edward, my Charles and me. Much of his time was spent in making

copies of some of these MSS., chiefly those by masters of the ancient Italian school, such as Buononcini, Clari, Carissimi, Leo, Martini, Palestrina, Stradella, etc., and some of these MSS. were subsequently printed and published by him under the name of 'The Fitzwilliam Music.'

My brother Edward had made such good use of his studies under Mr Sass, and had worked so diligently at home, practising in oils as well as in water-colours, that he made use of his visit to Cambridge by taking copies of some of the fine pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum. His beautiful copy of Rembrandt's 'Dutch Officer' (life size) and of Annibale Caracci's 'St Roch and the Angel' were the result of his painting there, and are still among our preserved treasures that we owe to him in the picture-gallery of our present Italian home. Edward's steady perseverance and industry—more or less characterising all my father's children, and inherited from him — existed in a remark-

able degree in our young artist. He was scarcely ever without a paint-brush in his hand during the day; and of an evening, when reading aloud was going on, he had always pen and pencil before him, wherewith he made sketches of the various characters in the books thus perused. His original pictures are several:—My father's portrait (a perfect likeness) my mother's, my sister Clara's, his own face, wearing various expressions; 'Illustrations to my Charles's,' 'Tales from Chaucer,' 'St John preaching in the Wilderness,' and a large family picture of fourteen figures—my father at the pianoforte, surrounded by his wife and children and one or two musical friends. Some dainty water-colour pictures he also produced — four poetical representations of 'The Four Seasons,' and a lovely one of 'Christ near His Tomb, seen by Mary Magdalene, who takes Him for the Gardener,' besides many others in the same style. The copies Edward made of celebrated pictures are numerous; among

them are Rubens's 'Triumph of Silenus,' Titian's 'Entombment of Christ,' Raphael's 'Head of a Friend,' Vandyke's 'Head of the Young Duke of Buckingham,' etc., etc. All these paintings, amounting to more than a hundred, by one who was still in his youth, for we lost him a few months ere he attained his twenty-third birthday.

While we were at Cambridge we were introduced to some of its Fellows, and we enjoyed many delicious wanderings in the gardens belonging to the different colleges. In one of them Charles took his hat off beneath the tree said to have been planted by Milton. In another we stood and gazed many times, admiring the beautiful architecture of St John's Chapel, and lingered listening to the 'murmur of innumerable bees' above our heads among the tall lime trees of the noble avenue. In these gardens we had a rather amusing incident. We had taken a basket containing some almond cakes to crunch while we sat to rest, but when

we quitted the gardens we had forgotten our intention and left the basket and its contents on one of the seats. One of the Fellows, finding this supply of goodies, disposed of them on the spot, but hearing afterwards who were their owners and that we were leaving Cambridge, he sent us a basket of similar cakes, inscribed with the words, 'Viaticum for the journey.' He was a very agreeable gentleman, and for some time after kept up the acquaintance he had made with us at Cambridge. During our stay in that noble place of learning, I was so fortunate as to hear a Greek oration delivered by one of the students there. The sonorous beauty of the language gratified my ear with a lasting recollection of its rich sound. My husband availed himself of the advantage gained from this visit, by writing two letters on the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge for the 'Atlas' newspaper, and in the autumn of that year, Leigh Hunt's 'Tatler' having been

started, Charles was engaged to write several of its theatrical and operatic notices, when its editor was occasionally otherwise employed in literary work. We were still living in Frith Street, when a few weeks of anxiety came to me. My husband was not quite well, and grew so weak that when we went for change of air to our dear old Enfield, he—so stout a walker and so swift a runner—had to take my arm once as we slowly ascended Windmill Hill together. Enfield air not effecting the cure we had hoped, we returned to town; and there my mother prescribed a daily mutton chop and a glass of port wine at noon. The mutton chop I took pleasure and pride in cooking myself, and I think I may venture to affirm that never was mutton chop better broiled. Certain it is that this strengthening *régime* brought the much-desired cure. We continued to practise the strict economy we had early agreed to observe; and, among other

savings of expense, I made all the clothes I wore, as well as my husband's dress waistcoats. One of these I especially remember for it was embroidered by my mother, on black satin, with a wreath of ivy leaves and berries in their natural colours as its border. I mention these particulars in order to show that a woman who adopts literary work as her profession need not either neglect or be deficient in the more usually feminine accomplishments of cookery and needlework.

We spent very happy days at this juncture. My father had the joy of seeing his sons and daughters beginning their several appointed pursuits in life prosperously, and of having them in his own home give evidence of the musical talent they inherited from him, and the proficiency they had severally attained therein. Among his younger daughters he had soprano voices, and his eldest daughter supplied him with a meek counter tenor. His sons Alfred and Edward had each a bass

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voice, and his son-in-law, Charles, sang tenor. No day passed without my father's own canon 4 in 2, 'Give thanks to God,' being sung as a grace after dinner; and no first of May was allowed to pass without my husband's song, 'Old May Morning,' set to music by my father, being invariably sung by us to him. We had not yet left Frith Street when a most memorable musical evening took place there. It was just after Malibran's marriage with De Beriot, and they both came to a party at our house. De Beriot played in a string quartette by Haydn, his tone being one of the loveliest I ever heard on the violin — not excepting that of Paganini, who certainly was a marvellous executant. Then Malibran gave, in generously lavish succession, Mozart's 'Non più di fiori,' with Willman's obligato accompaniment on the Corno di bassetto; a 'Sancta Maria' of her host's composition (which she sang at sight with consummate effect and expression), a tenderly graceful air,

'Ah, rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime,' and lastly a spirited mariner's song, with a sailorly burden, chiming with their rope hauling. In these two latter she accompanied herself; and when she had concluded, amid a rave of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests — Felix Mendelssohn —and said, in her own winning, playfully imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating),—'Now, Mr Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me now I have sung for you.' He, 'nothing loath,' let her lead him to the pianoforte, where he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore — masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other, and finally in combination, the four subjects blended together

in elaborate counter-point. When Mendelssohn had finished playing, my father turned to a friend near him and said,—'He has done some things that seem to me to be impossible, even after I have heard them done.' A strong proof was given of the effect Mendelssohn had produced upon the musical soul of the host of the evening by his writing, the very next morning, the canon just alluded to, which the composer entitled 'A Thanksgiving after Enjoyment.' The visit Mendelssohn was then paying to England was the first season of a German operatic company's performance in London, at the Italian Opera House, in the Haymarket, and the morning after it had given Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' with Haitzinger as Florestan, and Schroeder Devrient as Leonora, Mendelssohn called upon my father, and sitting near the pianoforte, turned every few minutes to the instrument, playing favourite 'bits' from the opera of overnight. My father was so

enchanted with this young musician's genius, that one of his friends said to him,—'Novello, you'll spoil that young man.' The reply was—'He's too genuinely good to be spoiled.' I had the privilege of being taken by my father to hear Felix Mendelssohn play on the St Paul's organ, and a masterful piece of pedal-playing it was. The last time I heard him in England was at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, when he played Bach's fugue on his own name. At one of the Düsseldorf festivals, I had the privilege of meeting Mendelssohn a good deal. He conducted his own fine psalm, 'As the Hart pants,' played some of his own compositions; and I even had the rare privilege of hearing him sing, at a morning rehearsal, when he wanted to give the artist who was to sing the song in the evening a precise idea of how he wished a particular passage to be rendered. His voice was small—like that of many composers—but capable of most musician-like expression. He was

very companionable and easy in manner. Once he and I had a quiet talk together, he leaning on the back of a chair and asking news of the London Philharmonic Society, while, on another morning, he invited us (my mother and Clara, with whom I was at that time in Düsseldorf for a holiday on the Rhine) to go with him to the public gardens and taste some *Maitrank*, as we had not already made acquaintance with that famous Rhenish beverage. He was much amused at our saying it was 'nice, innocent stuff,' and warned us not to imagine it 'too innocent.'

Another delightful musician who, while he was in London, came to see my father, was Hummel. He, like Mendelssohn, was great in improvisation. So symmetrical, correct and mature in construction was it, that, as my father's musical friend, Charles Stokes, observed, 'You might count the time to every bar he played while improvising.'

Early in 1834 my father removed from

Frith Street to 69 Dean Street, his son Alfred's music-selling business having so much increased as to require larger premises. It was the year of the Westminster Abbey festival. My father was engaged to preside at the organ, and his daughter Clara, Miss Stephens and other vocalists were the singers on this notable occasion. I remember hearing Miss Stephens saying, just before she entered the choir to sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' 'Any young girl I knew, however great her excellence in singing might be, I would never advise to enter the profession if she suffered from nervousness. I have never got over that which I feel when I have to sing before the public.' She had then been an established favourite for years, and was especially famed for singing ballads exquisitely. Her 'Auld Robin Gray' was noted for its pathos and beauty. The remark she made at the Abbey was elicited by Clara's enviable calmness and absence of anything like trepidation while singing the lovely air

allotted to her, 'How beautiful are the feet.' That quiet truthfulness, that pure, firm, silvery voice precisely suited the devout words. And as regards Clara's subsequent singing of the very song Miss Stephens had then to sing, it was remarkable for the pious fervour of its pouring forth. Clara said that she always felt, while singing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' that she was performing an act of faith. When she was at the Court of Berlin, some years afterwards, his Prussian Majesty always asked her to repeat to him that particular song each time she went to the palace.

It was while we were living at Dean Street that my sister Cecilia's marriage took place. She had already made a good musical career; for she—like us all—had begun early an active entrance upon industrial life. She had sung in various musical pieces at London theatres, and had pleased greatly as an opera-singer for two seasons at Edinburgh. She married

Mr Serle, author of several dramas and two romances, besides being editor for some years of a London newspaper. At Cecilia's wedding-breakfast we first made acquaintance with that fine wit—dear Douglas Jerrold. Hardly a greater mistake could be made than to attribute bitterness or ill-nature to Douglas Jerrold's sharpest sarcasms, as sometimes was the case by those who merely heard of them and did not know his real nature. We, who did know him, understood them better. He was deeply earnest in all serious things, and very much in earnest when dealing with less apparently important matters, which he thought needed the scourge of a sarcasm. His concern for the object of his satirical quips was often at the root of them; and he would pour forth his keen flights of pointed arrows chiefly with the view of rousing to improvement his butt, whom he knew capable of better things, and on whom the shafts of his ridicule might tell to

good purpose rather than harm. This was the origin of many of the sharp things he said against woman; for instance, such as those he wrote in 'The Man made of Money,' 'Mrs Caudle's Lectures,' etc. He reserved to himself the right to snub the Mrs Jerichos and the Mrs Caudles among the sex, to rebuke their shrewish use of tongue, their henpeckings, their unworthy wheedling and meannesses; but he had faith in the innate worth of womanhood, and its superiority to such basenesses, where it trusts its own honest nature and disdains resorting to such degrading tricks of hectoring or coaxing. Of woman's generous unselfishness and quiet heroism Jerrold had full perception, as we had many opportunities of noticing, in some of the side remarks he occasionally let fall in conversation with us.

As a token of his belief that he was entirely understood and appreciated by my Charles and me, I may mention that when he brought

his 'Mrs Caudle's Lectures' as a presentation copy to me, he had written in its blank page,—'Presented with great timidity, but equal regard, to Mrs Cowden-Clarke, by Douglas Jerrold.' His promptitude as well as stinging power in retort is well known; the words that excited his reprisals had scarcely issued from the mouth of him who spoke them, when out sprang Jerrold's reply. The celebrated one to the man who said, 'Ah, Lamartine and I row in the same boat,' was met by the answer, 'Not with the same *scull*, though,' without a second's pause.

Many a charmingly witty letter did we receive from Douglas Jerrold; many a delightful hour of talk did we enjoy with him; and he became a dear and admired friend of ours.

'Poor and content is rich and rich enough,' truly and wisely says our beloved Shakespeare; certain it is that my husband and I verified to the utmost these words. We were happiest of the happy, not only while

practising strictest economy, but in availing ourselves of every literary or artistic means for gaining addition to our scanty income. One of these means presented itself in an engagement to sing in the services of Somers Town chapel, where my brother Alfred sang bass and led the choir. This engagement was the means of our hearing Cardinal Wiseman preach a beautiful and learned sermon upon altar-pieces, one of them having been a recent donation to that chapel. His learning—great as it was—always seemed to be ready stored at his command, but never allowed to be brought out ostentatiously. We had the great pleasure of hearing him deliver a lecture at the Marylebone Institution, on the influence of words at various epochs of 'civilisation in the world.' He showed how far superior, in impressive effect, were such simple words as 'graveyard,' 'God's acre,' to the more classically-derived names —'Necropolis,' or 'cemetery;' or such an expression as 'child-murder' to 'infanticide.'

I shall not easily forget the manner in which he discussed the absolute necessity of keeping one's temper as the best, nay only, means of obtaining and preserving 'power.' He seemed to rise several inches as he drew up his person to its full height in pronouncing that single word. He was of rotund proportions, and he used to relate with great gusto the circumstance that when he was staying at Lord Clifford's house, Ugbrook Park, one of the maid-servants there, who had been told that his proper title was 'your Eminence,' used to say, as she dropped her reverential curtsey, 'Yes, your Immense.' This same damsel—who evidently possessed no accurate ear—when twelve Jesuits were on a visit to Ugbrook, said, 'There's a matter of a dozen Jezebels come here.' Cardinal Wiseman's lecture on 'William Shakespeare' is one of the very best commentaries on our greatest poet that I know. It was printed and published in 1865, after its author's decease; but the preface states that the Cardinal would have

desired 'it should be given to the people of England as the last work he undertook for their sake.'

Another source of gaining increase of pelf arose out of Charles's gift in reading aloud untiringly, together with his possessing a speaking voice so full, so flexible, so varied in expression and intonation, that it was peculiarly fitted for addressing a large audience. These natural advantages suggested to me the idea that he would succeed capitally as a lecturer; and on telling him this, we talked the matter over together (according to his wonted habit of consulting his wife on all projects), and he not only adopted the idea, but set to work at once in selecting subjects from among his favourite poetic authors, and in forming plans for obtaining engagements to deliver his lectures when written. The complete success that crowned this undertaking cannot be better manifested than by quoting from what his friend, the enthusiastic Shakespearian, Mr Sam Timmins,

wrote when requested to give a record of Charles Cowden-Clarke's career as lecturer. The following is the passage to which I allude :—'He began the great work of his life—the public lectures on Shakespeare and other dramatists and poets—which made his name throughout Great Britain, and secured him crowded and delighted audiences. His lecturing career commenced at a period when mechanics' institutions were waning in interest, and a demand was growing for lectures of a more literary and attractive character than merely scientific lectures, even with many experiments and demonstrations, could supply. The lecture-room was just beginning to be the school-house of the middle classes, whose education had been imperfect, but who had acquired the desire to learn more. Such a demand Cowden-Clarke was especially qualified to supply, and his lectures soon became the great attraction at "Atheneum," and "Institute," and "Lecture-hall" all through the land. His lectures were really "lectures,"

read from MS. most carefully prepared and splendidly and clearly written in the old style "round hand" which Lamb admired. They were not, however, merely "read," but every word was given with such earnestness and force that every hearer caught the enthusiasm of the lecturer, and was led to go home and read more.

'As a lecturer, Cowden-Clarke had very special qualifications. He had a pleasant, cheerful, ruddy face, a charming humour of expression, a clear, pleasant voice, and a heartiness and drollness of manner which won the audience as soon as he appeared. His were careful essays, the result of long and patient study, full of acute and subtle criticism, and always throwing new lights on the subject in hand. The expectations of his audience were aroused, and they were never disappointed. His good taste secured audiences who never entered a theatre, and to whom the drama generally was a sealed book. He lectured on Shake-

speare—his fools, his clowns, his kings, on special characters or plays; and every library soon found an increased demand for Shakespeare's works, and new editions were soon forthcoming. It is no exaggeration to say that very much of the increased interest in Shakespeare among English readers is to be traced to the lectures of Cowden-Clarke. One of his hearers once hit the secret of his success. "You like what you are talking about, and therefore you make your hearers like it too." Throughout Great Britain he was ever welcome, and his loss as a lecturer was never fully made up, for he combined so many attractions of subject, style, treatment, personation and humour as are very rarely found united in one person. While his analysis of dramatic characters was masterly and searching, and his touches of pathos delicately suggestive, the full force of his delineations came out in his representation of comic characters from Shakespeare and Molière especially. He

was not a mere rhetorician, elocutionist or actor. He never attempted to personate the characters, but only to read with such interest and power as to realise the very "form and fashion" of each. He was, in fact, as dramatically successful as a "reader" of the highest class as Dickens when reading his own stories; and Cowden-Clarke's range was wider and his characters more varied.'

Charles's first-delivered lecture ('On Chaucer') was at Royston in 1835, and he at once achieved success; receiving such unanimous plaudits and testimonies of admiration not only from his audience, but from several residents in the town, who, hearing the impression he had produced, invited him to their houses and became permanent friends. This was the case in many places where he subsequently lectured; men of distinguished talent and eminence forming lifelong friendships with him. At first, when he lectured at provincial institutions, he took me with him; but finding this naturally diminished

our profits, we agreed to forego this pleasure by limiting it to my accompanying him to the railway station when he left, and meeting him there when he returned home. Our daily interchange of letters made the best compensation for absence from each other; and he never failed in sending me one—sometimes two—daily. His handwriting was a nobly clear one. He preferred reading his lectures from his own MS. even to reading them from print, when some of them, in after years, appeared in book form. When he was in London he kept brother Alfred's ledgers and day-books posted up, and he made fair copies of almost everything that he or I wrote for publication. In order to ensure perfectly effective delivery when lecturing, he invariably rehearsed the lecture to be given in the evening by reading it aloud that same morning. When he was in town, he read it to me; when away from town, he read it aloud to himself, so unsparing of pains was he in everything he undertook. While thus engaged in his lecturing and book-keeping, Charles still

maintained his other writing in literary work. He wrote 'The Musician about Town,' and a lovely tale called 'Gentleness is Power,' or the story of 'Caranza and Aborzuf' for the 'Analyst Magazine.' He was almost an exceptional husband in his generous mode of making the masculine prerogative of complete marital sway cede to his idea of the right and happiness of conjugal equality. He brought every guinea he earned to me to take care of, and whenever I consulted him on any needful purchase, his answer always was:—'It is as much your money as mine, do what you think well with it; buy what you think proper, and what we can best afford.' After some time of our living in Dean Street, my father removed to Bayswater, where we first inhabited No. 4 Craven Hill, and subsequently No. 9, which was called 'Craven Hill Cottage.' These houses were pleasantly simple, and had a field, skirted by a row of fine tall trees, in front of them; trees, alas! ruthlessly hewn down, when so-called 'improvements' in later years were com-

menced. Both our Craven Hill homesteads had small gardens behind them, beyond which gardens was still another field. But I have learned that the whole of this pretty locality has given place to modernly built ranges of tall edifices, fashionable houses, and 'desirable residences.' When we removed to Bayswater, Alfred still went up to business at 69 Dean Street; and my sister Sabilla organised a singing class there for young ladies, to which she and I went on the appointed days each week. My father, with his wonted assiduity wherever music was concerned, invariably used to hear me go through the pieces that were to be performed every morning before I went up to town with my sister, who wished me to join those of her pupils who had counter tenor voices. Sabilla's artistic career was a congenial one. She was a favourite concert-singer for some years; she made her *début* on the stage in Rossini's 'La Gazza ladra'; she sang his 'Semiramide' and other prima-donna parts in Dublin; she was an admirable teacher of vocalisation, and wrote an

excellent treatise on 'Voice and Vocal Art.' My father had the delight of seeing his children succeed in all the professional careers they themselves had respectively chosen, and our life at Bayswater was a very cheerful and interesting one. We had for neighbours there two that were especially productive of pleasure to us. Mrs Loudon and her daughter Agnes occupied one house in Porchester Terrace, while the Reverend Mr Tagart and his family resided at another in the same road, which was close to Craven Hill—so close, that a hood and shawl over my dress sufficed me for going to visit at either house. At Mrs Loudon's we met the Landseers—Edwin and Charles; Martin, the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' etc.; his clever-headed and amiable daughter, Miss Martin; Joseph Bonomi and his wife, who was another daughter of Martin; Owen Jones; Noel Humphreys; Samuel Lover, author of that sprightly novel, 'Rory O'More'; William Jerdan and others. Of Edwin Landseer we heard the amusing incident of his having been

at the English Court when the King of Portugal was on a visit to our Queen, and the celebrated painter of animals being presented to him, his Portuguese Majesty graciously said :—'I am very glad to see you, Mr Landseer, for I am *very* fond of beasts.' We also heard of Edwin Landseer's wonderful feat when someone was talking of being able to write or draw with the left hand, and he remarked :—'I think I can not only draw with my left hand, but I can draw with both hands at once.' Whereupon he took up two pencils and actually drew a horse with one hand and a dog with the other, at the same time.

At the Reverend Mr Tagart's house we met serene-spirited Emerson and other noted Americans; and one morning Mrs Tagart sent round a message telling me that, if Charles and I would go and lunch with her, she expected Mrs Gaskell to come and see her then, knowing how glad we should be to meet the authoress of 'Mary Barton' (a book that Charles Dickens had written his thanks

for, and admiration of, to Mrs Gaskell herself). It was just like Mrs Tagart's thoughtful kindness to send us this welcome invitation. The lady guest proved to be a remarkably quiet-mannered woman; thoroughly unaffected, thoroughly attractive; so modest that she blushed like a girl when we hazarded some expression of our ardent admiration of her 'Mary Barton.' So full of enthusiasm on general subjects of humanity and benevolence that she talked freely and animatedly at once upon them with us; and so young in appearance and manner that we could hardly believe her to be the mother of two daughters she mentioned in terms that showed them to be no longer children.

It was while we were living at Craven Hill that I finished my 'Concordance to Shakespeare,' writing the last line of the work on my dear mother's birthday, the 17th of August 1841. When, later on, it was published, the correction of the proofs and seeing it through the Press occupied a considerable time of additional labour. I

there wrote my 'Kit Bam's Adventures', and my novel of 'The Iron Cousin'; but before these two books were published, we took a most delightful holiday journey to Italy in 1847. We had but a month to spare from our several avocations, but on consultation together we resolved to make the sacrifice; for, as my brother Alfred truly observed, 'If we had no engagements to give up, we should be so badly off as to be without any.' Accordingly, he gave up some of his, my Charles some of his, and my sister Sabilla some of hers; but thoroughly we enjoyed our trip with our dear parents. From Ramsgate to Ostend, through Germany, by the Rhine, to Switzerland, by the Lake of Lucerne to that of Como, on to Milan, Verona and Venice, where we spent an enchanting few days ere we took our way back to England. We had brought with us the four green-bound books in which my father had collected and arranged for us two hundred and five of the choicest compositions, such as Mozart's

'Ave Verum,' Leonardo Leo's 'Kyrie eleison,' Wilbye's 'Flora gave me,' Linley's 'Let me careless,' etc., etc. These unaccompanied concerted pieces my father entitled 'Music for the open air,' and they enabled us to give him the enjoyment of his favourite gratification whenever he and we spent a day in the fields or took a journey. In Venice they were specially welcome companions, for they accompanied us whenever we were in our gondola, gliding about seeing the most remarkable spots in that uniquely beautiful city of the sea; and then, on reaching the most retired and quiet of the lagoons, indulging in a family quartett. When our gondolier, Antonio, perceived this, he generally chose one of the less-frequented water streets, and we once overheard him say to one of his fellow-gondoliers, — 'My English people often sing, I can tell you, and well, too!'

On our return home we found that Mrs Loudon was getting up, for performance at her house, Sheridan's play of 'The Rivals.'

Her daughter was to play Lydia Languish, while Alfred, Sabilla and I had been 'cast' for three of the characters—nay, four, for my brother was to double the parts of the Coachman and David, while Sabilla was to play Lucy, and I was to enact Mrs Malaprop. Other friends of Mrs Loudon sustained the rest of the characters, and the performance, which took place the 10th November 1847, was completely successful—so successful, indeed, that it had to be repeated next evening, and again on the 12th of the ensuing January 1848.

These private theatricals led to one of the most peculiarly bright episodes of my life. At a party at Mrs Tagart's house I was introduced by Leigh Hunt to Charles Dickens, with whom we had been for some time acquainted through his delightful books, and he had been always spoken of in our family circle as 'dear Dickens' or 'darling Dickens'; therefore it may easily be conceived how pleased and proud I felt to be thus personally made known to him. He

and I fell at once into liveliest conversation; and just before he was taking leave, he said, 'I hear you have been playing Mrs Malaprop lately.' I answered, 'Yes; and I hear you are going to get up an amateur performance of the "Merry Wives," so I could be your Dame Quickly.' I saw that he did not take this seriously; accordingly, I wrote to him, a day or two after, telling him I was in earnest when I had made the offer to act Dame Quickly, if he cared to let me do so.

The note I received in reply began with a sentence that threw me into a rapture of excitement and delight. The sentence was as follows:—

'DEAR MRS COWDEN-CLARKE,—I did not understand, when I had the pleasure of conversing with you the other evening, that you had really considered the subject and desired to play. But I am very glad to understand it now, and I am sure there will be a universal sense among us of the grace

Charles Cowden Clarke
Mary
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and appropriateness of such a proceeding. . . . Will you receive this as a solemn "call" to "rehearsal" of "The Merry Wives" at Miss Kelly's theatre to-morrow, Saturday *week*, at seven in the evening?'

Although I am naturally shy, I have never felt shy when acting, but it must be confessed that 'rehearsal' was somewhat of a heart-beating affair to me as I had to meet and speak before such a group of distinguished men as John Forster, editor of the 'Examiner;' Mark Lemon, editor of 'Punch;' John Leech, its inimitable illustrator; the admirable artists, Augustus Egg and Frank Stone, all of whom were fellow-actors in Charles Dickens's Amateur Company. But he, as manager, presenting me to them with his usual grace and kindliness, together with my own firm resolve to speak out clearly, just as if I were at performance instead of rehearsal, helped me capitally through this first and most formidable evening. On the night when 'The Merry Wives' was first

performed at the Haymarket Theatre (15th of May 1848), I felt not a shadow of that stage fright, although I had to make my entrance before a select London audience. As I stood at the side-scene with Augustus Egg (who played Simple, Master Slender's man-servant), waiting to go on together, he asked me whether I felt nervous. 'Not in the least,' I replied. 'What I feel is joyful excitement, not alarm.' Augustus Egg's artist eye remarked the appropriateness of my costume, and added, 'It looks not so *new* as those made by the theatrical robe-makers, but as if it had been worn in the streets of Windsor day by day.' I answered, 'Well it may, for I made it myself, and with material already part of my own wear.' I had had the advantage of Colonel Hamilton's obliging suggestions and sketches, as well as hints I took from Kenny Meadows' picture of Dame Quickly in the 'Illustrated Shakespeare,' published by Tyas in 1843.

The performance of 'The Merry Wives'

J. ALFRED NOVELLO.

at the Haymarket Theatre was followed by that of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour,' and Kenny's farce of 'Love, Law and Physic' on the next evening but one (17th May 1848). In the former I played Tib, Cob's wife; and in the latter, Mrs Hillary; and for both these characters I made my own dresses. In one of her concluding scenes, when Mrs Hillary pretends to be a rich Spanish lady, and tries to obtain a proposal of marriage from Lubin Log, I made a sparkling addition to the velvet dress I donned, by ornamenting it with a set of stage-diamond buttons, which had belonged to Elliston; had been bought by my sister Cecilia, and was kindly lent by her to me for this purpose. Besides these large buttons, farther effect was produced by a brilliant tiara of the same stage-gems, with which I fastened the high Spanish comb and veil I wore; and Mark Lemon, who enacted Lubin Log admirably, used to make a point of kissing his hand to these

diamonds, showing what was his chief attraction in wooing this supposed heiress to millions. Charles Dickens, supreme as manager, super-excellent as actor, and ardently enthusiastic in his enjoyment of exercising his skill in both capacities, organised a series of provincial engagements for the performance of his amateur company. At Manchester, on the 3d June 1848, we played 'The Merry Wives' and 'Animal Magnetism'; at Liverpool, on the 5th June 1848, 'Merry Wives' and 'Love, Law and Physic'; at Birmingham, on 6th June, 'Every Man in His Humour' and 'Animal Magnetism.' At Birmingham again, on the 27th June 1848, 'Merry Wives,' 'Love, Law and Physic,' and 'Two o'clock in the Morning'; at Edinburgh, on the 17th July 1848, 'Merry Wives' 'Love, Law and Physic,' and 'Two o'clock in the Morning'; at Glasgow, on 18th July 1848, 'Merry Wives' and 'Animal Magnetism'; and at Glasgow, on the 20th July 1848, we gave 'Used up,' 'Love,

Law and Physic,' and 'Two o'clock in the Morning.' It was our last performance together, and we not only felt regret at the time for this close of our happy comradeship, but dear Charles Dickens's letters for a long time afterwards expressed his pain at its cessation. Genial, kind, most sympathetic and fascinating was his companionship, and very precious to me was his friendship.

In the autumn of that year my dear mother's health became so delicate that our medical adviser counselled her removal to a warmer climate; and she chose Nice (then Italian) for the proposed purpose. My sister Sabilla gave up all her pursuits in England and accompanied her abroad; and they took up their abode in a pleasant set of apartments in a house that had a garden stretching down to the seashore, and was so truly southern that it had rose hedges taller than the height of a man, besides having abundance of orange trees skirting its paths. The next year, Alfred, Charles and I (with my father, who remained at Nice) took a journey, to spend some

weeks with my mother and Sabilla, during the long vacation, when my brother could be best spared from his business, and a delightful time we had.

On our return to Bayswater we three began what we called our 'trihominate' homestead; and we tried to make it as cheerful and happy as we could, lessened as it now was by the absence of our dear ones. Weekly interchange of long, closely-written letters between my mother and me kept us mentally together, in their minute details of what took place daily at each home. We were interested in her improved health and daily drives in the Nice picturesque environs or walks in the Nice-garden: while she followed all our disposals of time in England. They were mostly thus: My dear men-folk went up to the Dean Street music warehouse every morning after breakfast; I attended to our household arrangements, and worked away at my writing ('The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines,' etc.) during the day, and then had the joy of walking to meet my men-folk on their way

home to dinner, generally taking the path which led through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park as our line for meeting. We resolved to take advantage of the long vacation each year for a journey to Nice, when I used to take the MSS. of those books I had in hand with me, that I might have the pleasure of reading them to my mother, and consulting with her as to her opinion and judgment respecting them. In her drives and walks she always made me her companion until the time arrived for our return to England. On one of these Nice visits of ours we saw Clara for the first time after she was married to Count Gigliucci on the 22d November (St Cecilia's day) 1843, as they had always since their marriage dwelt in his patrimonial mansion at Fermo on the shores of the Adriatic. But at this juncture they had come to Nice for a change, and were contemplating Clara's resumption of her artistic career. We also then made acquaintance with her four children —two sons and two daughters—who, I must say, were the most adorable human cherubs I

ever beheld. My readers may believe me, and would believe me, could they have seen them, with their fair complexions and floppy golden curls, dancing about in their grandmamma's garden.

We were preparing for our yearly visit to Nice in 1854 when a telegram reached us to let us know that our beloved mother had sunk into eternal rest on the 25th July. Of our misery at this irreparable loss I say nothing, even if I could find words to give it expression.

In 1856 my brother Alfred resolved to retire from business, which he made over to his faithful and able manager, Mr Henry Littleton, who had been for many years known to him as an excellent aid and seconder in all his views. The name of 'Novello & Company' was still retained; and its present form of 'Novello, Ewer & Company' adopted at a later date.

Nice was selected as the spot which the 'trihominate' preferred, for the sake of its climate and for the sake of its associations; also because my father, my sister Sabilla, and

the young Gigliuccis were dwelling there. These latter became our chief source of brightness, and producer of the cheerfulness we strove earnestly to maintain. The boys, Giovanni and Mario, had been placed by their parents in college, while the two little girls, Porzia and Valeria, were established (under the care of a worthy couple, friends of the Count) in a house near to ours, *Maïson Quaglia.*

Charles made it a pleasure to give Clara's little girls lessons in writing, and in correct reading of, as well as learning by heart, English verse; while to see him with one of them on his knee, repeating her 'Gay's Fables,' fondling his silver hair, and calling him her 'dearest boy,' filled my heart with happy feeling. Invariably these lessons were at a table on which stood a case of English barley-sugar, imported expressly, and from it Porzia and Valeria were permitted to help themselves at the conclusion of their so-called 'tasks,' these being rather play work than task work. From then to the present time these two

darlings have been as dear to me as if they were my own children.

Time passed smoothly on during our residence at Nice. Charles and I steadily pursued our literary work, he bringing out his 'Riches of Chaucer,' and his 'Carmina Minima,' besides editing the text of Nichol's 'Library Edition of the British Poets,' while I was engaged by the Messrs Appleton of New York to write 'World-noted Women,' and to edit their edition of Shakespeare. This last work was the source of peculiar pride and gratification to my husband and me, inasmuch as it made me the first (and as yet, only) woman editor of our great poet. We took daily walks together, and more than once got up before dawn to see the sun rise, and Charles continued a favourite practice of his in reading a bit from some favourite author to me before we all met at our first meal.

Although his public delivery of lectures had ceased on his leaving England, yet

my husband frequently read one of them to our friends in our Nice parlour, and he never relinquished a time-honoured custom he had of reading one to us while we stoned raisins, blanched almonds, cut candied fruit, etc., for the Christmas pudding, which we continued to make yearly in honour of dear old England.

Count Gigliucci and his wife, our Clara, used to flit over to Nice whenever they could get away from her renewed engagements, in order to see their children; and this brought us delightful music, as well as was the cause of a great treat, when Tamburini came one afternoon to our house and sang with Clara several delicious operatic duets. He kept wonderfully young and alert, and was very gay and bright in society. He laughed playfully, I recollect, at my having taken part in a Mendelssohn Trio, wherein Clara and her daughter, Porzia, sang the two soprano parts, my counter-tenor being correct, but very mild in tone, as usual. Both Clara's

daughters, although such mere youngsters still, were already musically gifted, and at six o'clock one morning (my birthday) Charles and I were awakened by hearing Clara, Porzia and Valeria sing, under our window, Mendelssohn's charming trio, 'Hearts feel that love thee.'

Cecilia's daughter Mary, my god-daughter, having been sent to school at Nice while we were there, Sabilla got up a charming series of concerts for the three girls—Mary, Porzia and Valeria—for which they were to make out the programmes themselves and sing the pieces appointed for each performance.

More than one distinguished person were visitors of ours while we were at Nice, among others Mr Francis Child, an ardent Chaucerian then, and Professor at Harvard College, Cambridge, America, since. He is author of a poem called 'The Child of Bristowe,' written in delightfully antique style and true to Chaucer's manner, which he sent to us some years afterwards. A friend of his—who also became one of

ours—was likewise at Nice when he was there. This was Mrs John Farrar, authoress of 'Advice to Young Ladies,' and 'Recollections of Seventy Years.' She was most energetically kind and serviceable to sufferers during the American war between North and South, and as clever as she was good.

An illustrious visitor gratified us by staying at our house for a few days—no other than Richard Cobden, who had been known to my brother Alfred in England at the time of the 'Anti-Corn Law League.' Easy, familiarly at home with us, he used to read his English newspapers aloud to us or chat with us as if he had been one of our family circle for years, and when on one Christmas Eve we made our traditional plum-pudding (Mrs Cobden helping us to prepare its ingredients), he kept up entertaining conversation the while. Next day, when the pudding was to be eaten, and he with my brother and sister were engaged to discuss its merits at a neighbouring friend's

house, Cobden looked up at Charles and me (who were standing on the terrace steps remaining at home to keep house) and expressed his hearty regret that we should not be of the party to enjoy this truly British 'consecrated cate.'

When Nice became under French rule, we found many of its ways so much changed that we resolved to leave it for an Italian residence, and fixing upon Genoa as a proved excellent climate, Alfred took Charles and me with him to see if we could find a suitable house there. We went over one (very near to that we have since dwelt in for more than thirty years) which was so curious that a description of it and our journey to and from Genoa on that occasion was written by me in a paper entitled 'The Cornice Road in Rain (though altered by the editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly Magazine' to, I think, the less individually appropriate name of 'An Italian Rainstorm'), because my kind friend, James T. Fields, had requested me to contribute an article to that magazine.

Before that year (1860) was ended, Alfred and Sabilla went again to Genoa to renew his search for a domicile that we should all like, and when he returned home to Nice he told us that he had bought the house and garden then called Pallazzo Massone, and subsequently named Villa Novello. On the eleventh of the following April, Alfred and Sabilla took possession of his new purchase, but Charles and I remained at Nice with my father until our villa should be put in order for his reception as there were many alterations needed to anglicise it and make it more comfortable to live in. Alas! that reception was destined never to be. During the spring and summer my dear father was better than he had been for some time before. He read my preface to 'World-noted Women,' and the one to my American edition of Shakespeare, saying of the latter, in his encouraging way,—'It does you great credit, my dear.' He resumed his reading of some of his favourite books, which previously he had not cared to do. He had all his life

been a great admirer of Walter Scott's fine novels, and the one he last was reading ('The Fair Maid of Perth'), I found face downwards at the page where he had left off when he was taken ill. Throughout that illness I had the privilege of attending upon him night and day. Patient, gentle, affectionate, he blessed me in the tenderest terms, in words that have been to me a most precious bequest ever since. Without pain, but desirous of rest, he expired in the evening of 9th August 1861.

A fitting memorial was allowed by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey to be placed in the North Transept there, in the shape of a stained-glass window, its appropriate subject being a Saint Cecilia, the patron saint of music.

My brother Alfred fetched my Charles and me to Genoa from Nice, where my sister Sabilla, with her usual unselfish activity in helping us, stayed to take the trouble of collecting our most-prized belongings — pictures, books, etc., etc., and

VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA, 1874.

causing them to be safely conveyed to our new abode. Being perched on a promontorial cliff, more than a hundred feet above the sea, this villa commands a magnificent view of the harbour and bay of Genoa, beyond which trends the coast of the Riviera for sixty miles, half-way to Nice, affording sight of gorgeous sunsets, often increased in beauty by the crescent moon and visiting planets. The expanse of sky and sea, the grandeur of this western view, cannot be taken from us; but, otherwise, we have been the victim—as we were at Craven Hill—of so-called 'improvements.' When we first came here there was a small grove of cypress trees, marking the spot where lay the remains of numerous persons who died from a visitation of cholera one season long before. In this small grove was annually sung a dirge, for the repose of the souls of those who lay beneath, by some priests from the neighbouring church of San Giacomo, at early dawn, and the sound of their

solemn chaunting rose softly and soothingly to our ears as we lay and listened in the coming on of morning light.

Then came a time when a decree from high quarters swept away the peaceful cypresses, and substituted a battery of heavy guns, with what Leigh Hunt calls 'the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth,' turned seaward. On the eastern side of our cliff-demesne there were three miniature cemeteries—one dedicated to the Swiss Protestants, one to the Hebrew, and one to the members of the Greek Church—all three united amicably, side by side, by a wooded enclosure of cypresses and one graceful cedar tree. Through this cluster came goldenly the glories of sunrise, and amid this shade more than one blackbird and thrush built their nest, and in the springtime a faithful nightingale (William Morris's 'brown bird') would linger there for a day or two on its way to the closer shelter of the Pegli Woods; and every April a pair of hoopooes would visit us from

Africa, abide a fortnight or three weeks, familiarly pecking about the green slope immediately beneath our windows, and only taking refuge with slow flight, plunging into the thicket of cypresses when startled by chance from its grassy meal of insects. The dark verdure of these cemetery trees was enlivened, on our side of the enclosure wall, by a lush overgrowth of roses, bignonias, westaria, etc., while up some of the slender boles and boughs clambered the snowy sprays of the rincas, and in autumn the gorgeous crimson of the Virginia creeper richly draped them. The loveliness of these three cemeteries was ruthlessly snatched away from us by the intrusion of a 'new road,' that cut through our croquet-ground, our vineyard, and our east garden, that moreover led from nothing to nowhere, and that had its principal portion dedicated to drilling recruits of a morning when practising their 'goose-step,' and of an afternoon to a rabble of boys out of school, who finish their education by stone-throwing

and general mischief. Then, to crown this disturbance of our peaceful residence, two large steam hammers, smoking and banging away from morning to evening, were erected beneath our windows, to drive piles into the sandy soil; on these was built an ugly and thoroughly useless circular terrace, overlooking the sea, bare of trees, exposed to rain, dust, wind and glare, but which the architect thereof declared, with effusive admiration of his own design, 'would serve for the inhabitants of Genoa to contemplate the horizon.' Fortunately for us, these devastations were accomplished below the level of our house, so that our sea views still remain visible.

But to return to the period when we first lived here. My earliest piece of writing, in our new house, was one I had much at heart. It was 'The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello,' for I earnestly wished there should exist a record of the immense amount of musical work which his indefatigable industry and devotion to

music had achieved, together with the very numerous publications which he had brought out to supply the world of music with delight, and to advance the knowledge and practice of this enchanting art. My health had not been strong since his loss, and it was deemed advisable that I should have change of air and scene; accordingly, Sabilla, Charles and I indulged ourselves with an excursion to see the Correggio pictures at Parma, and the Caracci pictures at Bologna. Alfred remained at home to superintend the masons employed about the house, and to look to the arrangement of our garden, which had been little better than a cabbage-ground before our advent. To give an idea of the task he had in hand—he projected, and after some considerable time effected, the making of a piece of road, by way of a carriage drive, between the entrance gate and our house door. He had to build up a supporting wall against the earth of our west walk; he pulled down some ramshackle out-

houses that formed part of the old edifice, and substituted a terrace, paved with Pompeian tiles, beneath our western windows, preserving opposite to them the only tree we found here, a graceful bay-laurel, which Alfred kindly called my tree, and subsequently trained up its bole, and among its central branches, a climbing red rose. Beyond the bay-laurel tree a grass plot, or moderate-sized lawn, with a small fountain, backed by a sculptured group of boys at play, surrounded by variegated canes, a group of magnolias, a cedrus deodara, a eucalyptus, and a wellingtonia—both of these trees not taller than an umbrella when he first had them planted, but now giants of fifty feet high.

In that same year we took a short spring flight to a neighbouring bathing-place called Acqua Santa, and in the summer a longer flight to Turin, Paris and London, where we saw again many dear old English friends, heard the Handel festival in the Crystal Palace, and were present at two

of Charles Dickens's 'readings.' One was the 'Christmas Carol,' and the 'Trial from Pickwick,' the other was from 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Boots at the Holly-tree Inn,' and 'Mrs Gamp.'

In the autumn I saw for the first time Italy's grand tragic actress, Ristori, especially great, I thought, in 'Giuditta' and in 'Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra.' We had already made delighted acquaintance with two of the most excellent comic actors—Toselli and Pieri. Toselli we had first seen in Nice, where he played many capital characters in the Piedmontese dialect. His style was exquisitely peculiar in humour, and Charles was so enthusiastic in his applause, that we afterwards heard that Toselli had said, 'Whenever my *Inglese* is among the audience, I always play better than usual.'

It may be judged how prolonged was the work of putting our Genoese house into order, when I mention that it was only in November that our dining-room

was completed, and we able to eat our first Christmas dinner therein. A certain Signor Boccardo was its clever decorator, and so excellent in all respects was his work, that its beautiful design and the stable colours he used have lasted well till now. The walls of our picture gallery were painted from architectural designs of Salisbury Cathedral, and our vestibule and staircase have frescoes copied from Raphael's 'Hours.' The walls of our music-room we found ornamented in the antique Genoese style of arabesque painting and relievo medallions. This ornamentation had been strangely covered over with whitewash by former occupants (!), but was restored by an Italian artist whom Alfred employed for the purpose.

The next year, 1863, is chiefly memorable to me from its being the one in which we were requested by Messrs Cassell & Company to edit their annotated edition of Shakespeare, and we began the work on the 1st of September. It was rather an anxious task, as

we had to 'work to time,' for the edition was originally brought out in weekly numbers; but we never failed once in regular pre-supply of the requisite matter for the printers. Besides his joint-editing with me, Charles made a fair copy of the '14,533 Notes,' 'Shakespeare's Life,' Preface, etc., which we wrote for this work, as well as of the one which followed it; for immediately upon its completion, we began a book that we had long contemplated—'The Shakespeare Key.' We finished our annotated edition on the 16th March 1868, and began our 'Shakespeare Key' two days after, on the 18th March 1868, finishing the latter on the 17th June 1872. These nine years of steady, hard work were not without their relief of pleasant recreations. We had the pleasure of seeing many friends, both those who resided in Italy and those who were merely passing through Genoa on their way to or from Rome, Florence, etc. I kept a visitors' book wherein to note these latter, its pages having three

columns; one for the name of the visitor, one for the name of the introducer, one for the date of the visit here. Besides seeing friends, we had much delightful music. My sister Sabilla got up some charming 'Mattinate,' for which she prepared the programme with the greatest care, selecting the most choice compositions of the best masters, and engaging the best available artists here for their due performance. With these were several of our friends, musically accomplished, and she always provided 'supplements' from her own family, in case of unforeseen disappointments from those whose names had been previously announced to sing or play. Thus, sometimes, my father's unaccompanied selections in the green books were given; at other times, Sabilla herself sang an aria, or Alfred a favourite bass song. Besides these home concerts (which took place in our picture gallery here), Sabilla wrote and got up some musical charades, sung and acted by ourselves and a few friends, which

were a decided success. A special musical treat was enjoyed by us during that nine-year interval, for in 1864 I had the delight of hearing for the first time, and several times after, Gounod's immortal opera of 'Faust,' given at the Carlo Felice Theatre here. But at the close of that interval of diligent, literary labour we gave ourselves a complete holiday, going to Turin on the 17th July 1872, not returning home until the 2d of September. While we were at the then capital of Italy we took the opportunity of going through the then lately-completed tunnel of the Mont Cenis Pass, intending to make a short excursion into France; but when we arrived on the northern side of the tunnel we found so utterly break-down-looking a vehicle to convey us from the station, that I hesitated to get into it. Whereupon I heard the driver say to his companion, '*Mais comment! cette Dame ne veut pas monter dans cette belle Calèche!*' We were offered the alternative of mounting on mules, but to this caracoling

style of travel we preferred walking. The inn at Modane, where we were to pass the night before proceeding farther, proved to be worthy of its '*belle Calèche*,' for we ate through a positive haze of flies, and slept in a room that was somewhat suggestive of a pigstye, as regards dirt and inconvenience. We resolved to give up proceeding farther, and returned at once to Turin, for we heard that there was a break n the road between St Jean Maurienne and St Michael. We enjoyed several delightful drives about the Turinese environs, to Stupinigi, Veneria Reale, La Crocetta, Rivoli, Moncalieri, and frequently by the spacious Piazza 'Armi, beyond which was a road that had, at one of its turnings, a particularly graceful statue of a nymph at a fountain. The museum, picture gallery and the King's Garden were frequent haunts of ours; we were taken by one of its distinguished authorities, Signor Lumbroso, to the Biblioteca del Re; and we were so fortunate as to hear Mozart's charming opera,

'Cosi fan tutte,' very well performed at the Zerbino Theatre.

During the next few years we were not wholly idlers in the way of literary work. Charles wrote an article on 'The Old Schoolhouse at Enfield' for the 'St James's Magazine,' and we wrote together our 'Recollections of Writers,' which first appeared serially in successive numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and subsequently was published in book form; while I amused myself with writing verses, feeling encouraged to do so by the honour I had had some years before of Charles Dickens giving insertion in his 'All the Year Round' to two of my verse-stories, called 'The Yule Log' and 'Minnie's Musings,' besides six sonnets on 'Godsends,' and a few stanzas entitled 'Time's Healing.' In 1873 I wrote 'The Trust,' and 'The Remittance,' printed in England that year, and in America in 1874.

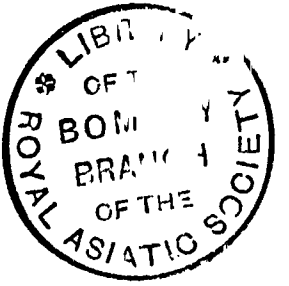
Having been requested to contribute to a charitable scheme in Rome, we wrote our

'Idyl of London Streets,' and sonnet on 'The Course of Time,' to be printed in Rome as a booklet for that purpose, and it appeared in 1875.

On the 15th of December 1876 my Charles's eighty-ninth birthday was celebrated by our family circle with even more than usual brightness—bright as his own ever-young nature. Verses from his wife, letters from friends at a distance, presence of friends living near, smiles from relatives around him, a huge cake lighted by wax tapers (eight green for the decades, nine white for the years), and, to crown all, favourite pieces from the green-bound music books sung to him by his nephews and nieces, made the day a supremely happy one. On the 19th of February 1877 we took our last walk together on the terrace, resting between whiles beneath the bay-laurel tree, and looking up gratefully at the clear, blue Italian sky.

On the 13th of March 1877, the

Charles Fowler Clarke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spring sun shining on his bed, I received his last smile, and watched beside him till he drew his last breath. The marble that marked his grave had inscribed on one of its sides his chosen crest—an oak-branch; his chosen motto—'*Placidam sub libertate quietem;*' his name and the date of his birth and death; on the reverse side was inscribed his own characteristically trustful, cheerful-spirited

HIC JACET.

Let not a bell be toll'd, or tear be shed
When I am dead;
Let no night-dog, with dreary howl,
Or ghastly shriek of boding owl
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed;
Lay not my bed
'Mid yews and never-blooming cypresses,
But under trees
Of simple flower and odorous breath,
The lime and dog-rose; and beneath
Let primrose cups give up their honied lees
To sucking bees,
Who all the shining day, while labouring,
Shall drink and sing

A requiem o'er my peaceful grave.
For I would cheerful quiet have;
Or, no noise ruder than the linnet's wing
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've lived—so let me die,
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie
The spirit aloft may float in spheral harmony.

That summer I was invited by Count Gigliucci and Clara to spend some weeks with them in their house at Fermo. I found it a truly interesting antique Italian mansion. On its ground floor was a suite of apartments, adjoining each other in the style of royal palaces—a billiard-room, an ante-room, a ball-room, a music-room, etc., etc. A staircase built in the thickness of a wall led up to an upper range of rooms, where the family lived their daily domestic life. A private chapel formed part of the edifice; and once, when Clara took me down to the basement portion of the house, I saw a highly-ornate sedan chair, which used to convey ancestral countesses Gigliucci to the church or to the opera—for there was a spacious opera-house and a stately

cathedral. The cathedral is on the summit of the hill on which Fermo is situate; and it is a very fine and large cathedral for so small a town as Fermo. Along the upper range of rooms above alluded to, there runs a long and wide corridor, at one end of which is a colossal window, commanding a noble view of the Appenines, including the mountain known as the '*Gran sasso d'Italia.*' The front of the house faces towards the champaigne, stretching down the hill's descent until it reaches the Adriatic Sea, dotted by fishing vessels with their variously-coloured sails.

Anything more hospitably affectionate and solicitously careful to soothe my thoughts than the reception I met with from my dear ones in this picturesque spot cannot be imagined. My sister Clara, when I had rested a day after my journey, asked me if I would like her to sing to me. With joy I accepted, and we adjourned at once downstairs to the music-room, called 'the red drawing-room.' Clara bade

me choose the song I should best like to hear her sing first, and I chose her Westminster Abbey festival song 'How beautiful are the feet,' its angelic promise bringing balm to the soul. She generously went on to the recitatives in the Messiah, and then sang Mozart's lovely 'Deh vieni e non tardar,' her voice just its own unrivalled beauty of tone, pure in style, potent in appeal to the heart.

After that first evening of musical bliss I had many more, for Clara sang to me, accompanied by her daughter Porzia, who, with her sister Valeria, gave me many delicious treats of favourite vocal and pianoforte duets. I never heard Clara say, 'Shall we go down into the red drawing-room?' but a thrill of joy ran through me, and were I to enumerate all the enchanting things she sang for me, or that her two daughters sang and played for me, the reader would envy me the time I spent so delightfully at Fermo. One afternoon's music I must recur to,

for the sake of the picture it gave me. One of the Gigliucci cousins, Conte Geppino Vinci, brought his violin, and accompanied Clara in Spohr's song 'When this scene of trouble closes,' and Guglielmi's 'Gratias agimus,' Porzia playing the pianoforte accompaniment. The little baby Vinci having been brought and laid upon a cushion at her father's feet, she looked up at him, listening to the music and cooing soft approval; the entire group thus affording a regale for eye as well as ear. Another very southern picture was enjoyed by me there. One forenoon Clara called to me to come into the corridor, that I might see one of their peasant girls, who had brought her (according to the Italian custom among a proprietor's tenantry, and which Shakespeare has so appropriately introduced in his 'Merchant of Venice,' where old Gobbo brings 'a dish of doves' as an intended present to his son's master, Shylock) a basket of fruit. There stood the girl, her black

eyes and hair beneath a bright kerchief, her gleaming white teeth, snowy bodice, her coloured apron and striped skirt, and the rich tint of the apricots in her basket, formed a glowing portrait not to be forgotten by me. Several delightful drives were taken for me and with me, by the Count and Clara, through fields and vineyards belonging to his tenantry; and once I was taken to a magnificent old oak tree, beneath which I was allowed to stand and gather a spray of oak, similar to a 'chosen crest' I knew and loved. On my return home to Genoa, when I chanced to be speaking to my sister Sabilla of my liking for Northern air, and of my weakened eyes, she proposed that we should take a journey together to Coblentz, where lived a celebrated oculist, whom I could consult. I answered, 'Why not?' and thus summarily was this journey agreed upon, so summarily, too, was it put into practice, that we set forth a day or two after, taking the route by the Mont Cenis

Pass, to Basle, where, as we sat at tea and supper, I told Sabilla that I already felt the beneficial influence of the Northern air, its freshness, its invigorating quality, for I ate with better appetite than I had done for months past. On arriving at Coblentz we took up our abode at pleasant Pension Ernen. It was close to our oculist's house; it was on the road from the town, its garden abutted on the delightful *Anlagen* by the side of the river Rhine, an *Anlagen* specially patronised by the Empress Augusta, who contributed funds to its proper and tasteful keeping up, and who visited it often. It was shaded by trees, it had a *Restauration*, where people drank coffee and ate cakes, and was here and there adorned by sculptured figures and groups of vases. We frequently walked there, and many times made it our way to entering the town. Once, while sitting quietly on one of the numerous seats placed in recesses there, we had the pleasure of seeing a

woodpecker make its way up the bole of a tree, and actually 'tapping' the bark as he proceeded clingingly towards its branches.

Our hostess, Fräulein Ernen, was admirably fitted for her vocation, careful of the comfort and well-being of her boarders —almost all of them patients of our oculist. At the very Teutonic early dinner-hour of two o'clock, we found at the table several pleasant, chatty people, among whom was Mr Henley, the artist, his seat being next mine. He courteously addressed me, and told me many entertaining anecdotes of the persons who had been his sitters for their portraits—royal personages and others. Among them he mentioned Nathaniel Hawthorne, saying he was so sensitive a sitter that the most timid young girl did not surpass him in shyness. On our visit to the famous oculist he pronounced that my eyes required daily dropping into them a certain remedy, therefore daily we visited him. We found

him a lively, almost boyish-mannered man, but kindly and skilful. As a specimen of the former characteristic, once, on my happening to say that I had never heard the famous song 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' that created such universal enthusiasm at the time of the German war, he (having been in one of its campaigns) immediately sang the song for me at full voice, and flourishing the camel-hair pencil he was using for applying the remedy to my eyes, with outstretched arm on high. As a specimen of his kindliness of nature, when I chanced to speak of the lovely, tender scene of young Prince Arthur pleading for his eyes to be spared from burning by Hubert, in Shakespeare's play of 'King John,' our oculist took down a German version of the tragedy and read the scene aloud with tears in his eyes. At another time he laughingly recounted to us how he had bought a blind horse, cured it himself, and found it a useful steed during the campaign and ever after.

During our stay at Coblentz, we renewed our acquaintance with Madame Rosa Mendelssohn, whom we had known at Nice, while she and her husband had been staying there for a short time. She and her niece, Miss Thormann, received us most cordially, and the visit was a memorable one. In the room where we first went there was an interesting bas-relief medallion-portrait (size of life) of the then lately deceased Professor Benjamin Mendelssohn, her husband. Each side of the medallion were pots of ivy, trained up to surround the head like a wreath or garland. The dining-room was delightful, bowed in shape, the front with windows looking towards the pretty road in which the house stood, the back with a wide door opening on a staircase that led divergingly to the garden at the rear of the house, and this door was kept wide open all the time we dined, so that it seemed as though we were dining in an arbour. In the room was a cuckoo-

clock that chimed its fluting notes while we ate our dainty dinner, which included Rhine salmon and roast venison. After dinner we took coffee in the music-room, and as we passed into it, we crossed through a smaller one, where hung an interesting water-colour sketch by Felix himself — a view of that very village of Horchheim (where we then were visiting), as seen from its music-room window. Miss Thormann—an accomplished amateur pianist—played several of Felix's 'Lieder,' one or two of Schumann's, compositions, and a little-known Beethoven Sonata. Mention having been made by Madame Mendelssohn and Miss Thormann of 'a concert to be given at Ems by 'a wonderful young Spanish violinist' — Pablo di Sarasate — Sabilla invited both ladies to go over with her to Ems and hear the concert, but as Madame Mendelssohn declined making the exertion, Miss Thormann only accepted.

Of course we took many a delightful

walk and drive to the various enchanting spots on the banks of the Rhine within easily accessible distances, among others to a village on the opposite side of the river (the road to which passed near to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein) called Ahrenberg, where we found a pretty little church, its interior fitted up with tasteful candelabra in the form of lilies and leaves in their natural colours, and some grotto-work. Another excursion was a drive to Gülz on the river Mosel, where we crossed the ferry in our carriage, and returned by the opposite side to Coblentz. When we went to take leave of Madame Rosa Mendelssohn, we saw Felix's younger daughter and her five children. One of them, a little baby, had its fingers placed by Sabilla on the pianoforte as if playing, as she said that Felix's grandchild ought early to accustom its hands to that position. We left Coblentz on the 30th September, took similar route back, and arrived in Genoa

on the 4th October. We had much home-music, and I heard Patti when she sang in the 'Barbiere di Siviglia' here in that year; and on March 11th, 1878, Sabilla and I went for a change to Rome. Of the grandeurs there I saw but few in comparison with those we were compelled to leave unseen, for a gentleman who was asked in what time Rome could be thoroughly visited, said,— 'I can't say, for I have lived in Rome only forty years.' But we enjoyed many of its noblest picture galleries. We, of course, did not fail to make a pilgrimage to dear John Keats's tomb, neighboured by that of glorious Shelley's heart, and we took more than one drive out into the picturesque Campagna.

One of our very first visits was paid to the American minister, George Perkins Marsh, who had been so generous as to have lent us his rare copy of Florio's 'Second Frutes' while we were editing our 'Annotated Shakespeare.' This curious work of

Florio's, on our careful examination of it, caused us to feel sure that it (as well as Florio's Italian and English Dictionary) had been well known to, and much used by, Shakespeare himself. Mr Marsh was a distinguished philologist, besides being an able statesman. He had been thoroughly appreciated and frequently conversed with by the amiable and highly-accomplished Queen Margaret, who is one of the most gracious of sovereigns. At Mrs Marsh's receptions we were more than once gratified visitors, and met there several distinguished persons. She had long been an affectionate friend of Clara and her two daughters, asking the two latter to make tea and preside at her afternoon tea-table on many occasions of these receptions. We also made the acquaintance of Miss Brewster, a descendant of the Brewster who had been one of the patriots that sailed in the 'Mayflower,' when the ship left England and arrived at the Plymouth Rock in America. She showed us a tea-set that had been fac-similed from

the one used aboard that renowned vessel. While we were in Rome we enjoyed some special music. A concert given by Signor Sgambati, the most exquisite of Italian pianists. Another concert given for a charitable purpose, wherein a lady (born a Russian princess, but married to a German professor) played on the pianoforte in masterly style, and on which occasion, Madame Ristori recited (I may say, acted) the sleeping-scene of Lady Macbeth, supported by a lady and gentleman who represented the waiting-gentlewoman and the doctor. To show how careful really great artists are, I may mention that Ristori asked my sister Clara to hear her recite and rehearse this scene before she performed it at the concert.

An early and memorable visit Sabilla and I paid to Joseph Severn, the generous-hearted artist who gave up his then engagements to accompany his friend, John Keats, to Italy, when the young poet was in a decline that ended in his death. We found Severn

himself on a sick-bed, arranged in his studio, and opposite to him, the portrait he was painting from memory, when taken ill, of Keats, still so dear to him. He spoke to us cheerily, and with interest, of all that most engaged the thoughts of us three.

On our return home to Genoa from Rome, we resumed our usual life of home music and home occupations; but in June, having received an invitation from our kind friends, Mr and Mrs Littleton, to visit them, we left for England. During my stay there I superintended the bringing out of our 'Recollections of Writers,' then in course of printing in book-form. We visited our favourite English picture collections—the choice one at the Dulwich Gallery; the ever-beautiful National Gallery, where we found some fine additions, such as the Turner collection, etc.; and at the Aquarium we saw gathered together some of George Cruikshank's admirable illustrations; though I own I regretted not seeing among them those

he made for my 'Kit Bam's Adventures.' We paid a visit to Lady Shelley, who was then at her town-house on the Chelsea Embankment. She invited us to go and see her at Boscombe, where she and Sir Percy had collected most interesting relics of his illustrious father; but, unfortunately, we were unable to accept the invitation. On our way back from England we visited the Paris Exhibition of that year, and spent a fortnight at Aix-les-Bains, where we heard a fine instrumental concert given by the orchestra from the Regio Teatro at Turin, and were taken by a friend into the Gambling Room, in which we saw two fanatic players seated at the gambling-table, to secure places, an hour beforehand, and on our returning after the concert we saw these wretched gentlemen, with excited eyes and burning red cheeks, deep in play.

In July 1879, Sabilla and I resolved to go and enjoy the Mozart Musical Festival at Salzburg, inviting our niece Porzia to

accompany us, and a great enjoyment it proved. Our visit thither being exactly fifty years after my father's, to take the subscribed sum to Madame Sonnenberg, the great composer's sister, we were received with marked kindliness by the authorities there, and shown particular attention.

As a fitting commencement to the festival, I went a pilgrimage to the house where Mozart was born, the font whereat he was baptised, and the dwelling where he lived, loved and wrote. A gay look of jubilee and bright expectancy pervaded the streets, where long pennons and flags of all colours hung floating from upper windows and reached to ground floors; while troops of visitors from all parts flocked through the thoroughfares in holiday travelling trim. On the evening of 17th July, when the first of the three days' concerts took place, a large company was assembled in the 'Aula Academica,' where the executants were already stationed in their places on the platform, and 'ready-tuned.' The very first chord of Mozart's finest over-

ture served well to announce the supremacy of the famed Vienna Orchestra. Herr Hans Richter presided as conductor; and a more excellent one it has never been my good fortune to hear—though I have heard Michael Costa, Chelard and Felix Mendelssohn themselves. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with its sublimely poetical slow movement and exquisitely playful Scherzo, closed the evening's musical feast. The day's enjoyment harmonised well with the evening's entertainment; for a town of choicer loveliness in situation and scenery is rarely to be seen. Placed on the banks of a rapid stream, the River Salbach, surrounded by green heights and distant mountains, well-wooded slopes on which picturesque castles and lordly mansions are perched, shores along which brightly and variously-coloured houses range in the neatness and grace of adornment that characterises German dwellings—this spot forms an endless succession of pictures and charming landscapes, besides affording scope for enchanting drives amid lanes and woodlands. As a final

touch—which would have rejoiced the heart of Walter Scott himself, who knew, none better, that good fare crowns befittingly the enjoyment of Nature's romantic scenery and refined art pleasure—the eating in Salzburg was of the best; trout that would have had Isaac Walton's cordial commendation, chickens delicate and 'tender as morning dew,' with Alpine butter and fresh cream, made each day's repast a feast worthy of the 'Musikfest' at night. On the morning of 18th July there was an open-air entertainment on the Kapuzinerberg, consisting of a four-part song for men's voices, an address delivered by Herr Baumeister, a celebrated actor who had a grand speaking voice, with fervour of delivery and excellent enunciation. The touching words he poured forth, in powerful tones, were so sonorous that they reached the opposite hills, which echoed back the praises of our divine Mozart with thrilling effect.

On reaching the point of the Capucin Hill, where a small summer-house stands,

I found an eager crowd assembled, some in the full blaze of the sunshine, under parasols and umbrellas, some seeking scraps of shade skirting the enclosure, some clustering beneath the adjoining trees, and a fortunate few on a rickety wooden bench under the eaves of a wood-cutter's cottage near the spot. Some of the Festival Committee gentlemen came to my sister Sabilla and myself, asking us to enter the summer-house, which had the peculiar interest of being the actual spot where Mozart composed his opera of 'Die Zauberflöte.' It is fitted up with exact models of the table at which he wrote, and of the chair in which he sat when occupying this summer-house. Its walls are hung round with pictures, photographs and innumerable tributary wreaths; on the table lay an open Mozart album, in which we were requested to inscribe our names, as the daughters of Vincent Novello; who, exactly half a century before, this very month, in the July of 1829, came to

Salzburg to convey to Mozart's sister (then in failing health and means) a sum of money subscribed by the musical professors of London as a testimony of their admiration for the great composer's genius, and of their sympathy with his sister in her declining age. Strangely moving was it to stand beneath the little summer-house roof, looking forth upon the very mountains and woods and river and picturesque town that Mozart beheld when he raised his eyes from his MS.; strange to sit in the chair he occupied, listening to the strains he composed; strange to be in the very place where, fifty years before, my own father had come to visit the birthplace of his favourite composer, and the spot which had witnessed the birth of some of that composer's finest compositions. With reverential humility we complied with the committee's request, and placed in the Mozart album our photographs and the following inscriptions:—

'I pray you let us satisfy our eyes (and ears)
With the memorials and things of fame
That do renown this city.'

SHAKESPEARE'S 'Twelfth Night,' Act. III. Scene 3.

Mary Victoria Cowden-Clarke (born Novello).—Salzburg, July 1879.

IMPROMPTU ACROSTIC.

S alzburg, for ever will thy name recall
A pleasant mem'ry to my mind; when all
B ut as a dream of beauty shall appear
I llumined by art's glow, remote but clear;
L ov'd Mozart seems to tread thy busy streets,
L ost though he be to mortal ken, he meets
A t ev'ry moment my admiring eyes.

N ot like the empty visions that arise
O ut of the misty past. No, Mozart lives
V ividly present, while his music gives
E ternal rapture, ever freshly born,
L ovely as Spring, as radiant as the morn.
L ong as art love shall exist, Mozart's name
O 'er all shall triumph in the rolls of fame.

Salzburg, July 18th, 1879.

Schumann's two glorious compositions, the 'Andante and Variationen,' and Quintette completed the intense satisfaction afforded to us

by this truly delightful 'Salzburger Musik-fest.'

From Salzburg we went to Vienna, where our first delight was hearing an evening service in the glorious cathedral. The lovely Gothic interior, the blaze of silver (with gold rays from the centre) of the rich altar-piece, the kneeling priests in white and gold vestments, the warm colouring of the stained-glass windows, with the general low light of the arched stone walls just revealing the many antique monuments that abound there, all thoroughly enchanted me. An early visit we of course paid to the Belvedere Gallery, containing whole rooms full of Rubens, that make one wonder how a man's life could suffice to cover so much canvas with so much magnificent painting, and with such noble poetry of his imagination, besides being an ambassador. A room full of Velasquez, with portraits of children deliciously true to *aristocratic nature*, a picture of Murillo's—a boy St John with a lamb—exquisite. A lovely little low long picture by Domenico Feti (a painter

I had never heard of before). The death of Leander, and the despair of Hero, charmingly poetical in idea and treatment; in short, room after room of beauties and riches innumerable. Another small gallery, consisting but of three rooms, at the Schönborn Palace, kept us lingering by a Canaletto quite astounding for truth to nature, and open-air effect, with perfect perspective—of a house and grass plot towards the right-hand front of the picture, and another house rather backwards. In the Lichtenstein Gallery, besides the numerous treasures of Vandyke, Rembrandt and Rubens that it contains, we came upon a bewitching picture by the last-named artist, a Perseus and Andromeda, with little Loves flying about, two trying to mount Pegasus, two helping to unfasten the chains of Andromeda, etc., etc., all of them exquisite.

When we left Vienna we went up to Dresden, which I at once named, and ever after spoke of, as 'Delightful Dresden.' The store of riches, crown jewels, precious crystals, etc., in the 'Green Vault' there, was not half

so attractive to us as the picture gallery, where we were almost daily haunters of its rooms.

Many a drive we took in the charming 'Grosse Garten' and into the country beyond, visiting several of the picturesque environs that abound in the vicinity. We frequently made our way to the public square in front of the palace to hear a fine military band playing in one of its angles; and on the first occasion of our doing this, were so struck with the beauty of the performance, its admirably breathed out pianos, its perfect crescendos, and precision of *togetherhood*, that I could not resist the temptation to applaud; and, catching the bandmaster's eye, I clapped my hands obviously. He, with brisk military promptitude, raised his hand to his helmet, saluted and smiled, with a little sudden bow, as our carriage passed on rapidly. One evening, soon after our arrival, we went to the Sommertheater in the Grosse Garten, where was performed a piece entitled 'Die Kinder des Capitan Grant,' which entertained me be-

yond words, as a perfect reminder of my old Coburg and Surrey theatre times. A captain and his boy son left to perish on a desert island by a treacherous mate and crew, a bottle (containing news of their condition) miraculously reaching their friends in a castle in Glasgow. The said friends, with their comic servant and the two other children of Captain Grant (a boy and a girl) setting off in a yacht to save their esteemed Captain Grant; their various adventures on reaching South America; Mexican guides, false and faithless, leading them where a volcano bursts, and its lava interrupts their path; a mysterious Patagonian chief (who expresses himself in fluent *Hoch Deutsch*), friendly and protective, and who dies from having heroically sucked the poison from a snake-bite in the girl child's leg; attacks of wild Indians, shouts, pistol-shots innumerable (in fact, from what I could make out, pistol-shots were invariably introduced when extra excitement and interest and *row* were needed); more wanderings; a dance of ballet-girls and men with lanterns in a Mexican temple fes-

tivity; a sudden remorse and reform of the 'treacherous mate,' who turns up at the most unexpected moment, and offers to conduct the search party to the exact spot where he abandoned Captain Grant and his son; a change of scene to a desolate part of the desert island, with Captain Grant and his son at the last extremity of starvation and cold, an iceberg having closed them in from the open sea and their last hope of rescue; an affecting scene (really prettily done) of the father half resolving to shorten the sufferings of his exhausted and sleeping son by stabbing him with the knife he still has; his last appeal to Heaven with the boy kneeling beside him—when the mid-scene of iceberg draws away, and the yacht is seen approaching in full sail. 'God save the Queen' is played, the party of friends rush on, and the curtain falls amid general meeting and happiness.

The very next day a quite different series of theatrical entertainments commenced for us. The opening of the Hoftheater for that season was announced to take place in the evening,

the performance being 'Die Wiederspenstige.' I heard this title with indifference, but what was my awakened interest when, asking Sabilla to explain, she told me this piece was the German version of Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.' We then of course immediately took stalls, and went to what proved the beginning of an Elysium of play-going; not only then, but in several subsequent visits to 'Delightful Dresden.' The Hoftheater itself is lofty, spacious, cool, airy; the performances commence punctually at seven, allowing return home seldom later than ten o'clock. The scenery superb; the artists—dramatic and vocal—excellent; the pieces chosen are artistically instructive, as well as artistically interesting, being alternately dramatic and operatic; the former selected from the best dramatists, the latter selected from composers of classic celebrity, besides those of more modern date; so that the audience becomes more cultivated in dramatic authorship and in musical composition of various styles. On that first

evening we beheld two admirable performers, Dettmer as Petruchio, Ellmenreich as Katharina. His acting was entirely to my taste; giving the assumed harshness of dictatorship with (in soliloquy) the real liking that Petruchio has for his chosen wife. His speaking voice equalled that of Salvini for beauty and richness of tone. Ellmenreich was charming, and proved to be equally so in characters she subsequently played—of high tragic, or genteel comedy impersonation. We became such inveterate playgoers that, during the more than two months of our stay in Dresden, we scarcely missed a single evening of performance. But besides our theatre music, we enjoyed many a magnificent mass of Mozart and other composers at the Hofkirche; and several admirably sung motetts, etc., by well-trained boy singers at the Lutheran Vesper Service in the Kreuzkirche. The precision and perfectly in tune singing of those boys in unaccompanied pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn and other composers, was a delight to hear.

One evening we went to hear a concert of Hungarians (announced in the programme as 'Zigeuner-Kapelle Farkas More aus Budapest'), which was an extraordinarily interesting thing to hear. National, peculiar, very wild, three of the pieces were called 'Czardas,' and were especially curious. Rapid and eccentric in the extreme; and in two of them a young violinist of the party executed what seemed to be an impetuous improvised recitative movement, accompanied by merely two violins, a viola (extraordinarily large in size) and violoncello; while at its close, the whole orchestra (including double bass, clarinet, oboe, and a very large zithern, admirably played), joined in like a choral conclusion.

On leaving Dresden we made Eger our first halting-place, in order to make a pilgrimage to the house where Wallenstein was murdered; because we had seen Schiller's 'Wallenstein' magnificently got up at the Dresden Hoftheater. We found

the spot (the Rathhaus) where the murder took place grim and quaint enough to be quite in keeping with its tradition; an old half-Gothic portal giving entrance to a dingy old courtyard, round which were stuck various carved stones and rude images of old German warriors and monumental records of their doings; a balustraded gallery of dark wood running round the courtyard interior of the first floor—like our old English inn yards. On the left side; beneath the huge portal, was an entrance door standing open, where at once ascends the antique staircase so well represented in the scene of 'Wallenstein's Tod' at the Hoftheater. The artistic scene-painter there must have gone himself to Eger and taken a sketch of the actual spot, and then enlarged it for stage representation—the effect was so true, and yet so picturesquely improved.

We made a short stay at Munich that we might renew the acquaintance Sabilla and I had made with the Art Galleries of the

Pinacotek and Glyptothek on our return journey from England in 1862. The International Exhibition at Munich was open at the time of our second visit, but although it consisted entirely of paintings and sculpture, I did not find a single specimen that I should have cared to possess. Sabilla and Porzia were able to procure tickets for a performance at the Opera House of Wagner's 'Götter-dämmerung;' but I preferred staying quietly indoors, looking out upon the open square, beyond which I could see the towers of the quaint old Frauenkirche, lighted by the setting sun and gradually by the crescent moon and single planet star, while I thought of the many blessings I had in my long life to compensate for its sorrows.

We returned to Genoa by the Brenner Pass; where, instead of the snow and ice which we were told we should encounter, we found sunshine, blue sky and charming transit through lovely green Tyrol.

In 1880 our villa was honoured by a

visit from the Kronprinzessin of Germany, then staying at Pegli. Her Royal Highness was graciously interested by a portrait of our sister Clara, painted by Magnus of Berlin, who had given lessons in painting to Her Royal Highness,—herself a proficient in that art.

Having been so gratified by our German tour of 1879, we resolved to go thither the very next year; so, after paying a delightful visit to friends at Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, we went up to Nuremberg, where we saw Albert Dürer's studio, preserved just in the state it was when he worked there; and an exhibition of Kranach's antique paintings, where the custodian was an old woman with a head precisely like one of Kranach's epoch, so queer and antiquated was it.

At Bamberg we visited an admirable lady pianist, a friend of ours years before in England, who played to us again with quite her former excellence. She was peculiarly great in Beethoven's Sonatas, all

of which she knew by heart. We made some stay at Cassel; making our first visit to the picture gallery there, which is rich in Rembrandts. Our drives were frequent and delightful. One, from Wilhelmsthal to Wilhelmshöhe through magnificent woods, remains vividly in my memory; for, on approaching the former-named palace as we drove up the avenue leading thereto, we saw a large party of gentlemen picnicing under the trees; who, when they saw us approaching, made animated signs to the coachman to halt. Then one of the gentlemen flew to the side of the carriage, bearing in his hand a superb-sized foaming tankard, which he presented to us ladies, and from which each of us ladies in turn drank from, I exclaiming, '*Lebe hoch, Deutschland!*' The gentleman smiled and looked delighted (indeed, he and his whole party seemed in exuberant spirits, but went through the ceremony in the highest good taste and politeness), and then he handed the tankard up to the

coachman, who quaffed it off with abundant relish. As we drove away the band which was with the party sounded a flourish of trumpets in honour of us. Altogether we thought it a pretty characteristic and most *German* incident.

One morning early, while we were at Cassel, what should greet our delighted ears before we were up, but a charming serenade given by the military band to their general, who lived next door to us. First a magnificent chorale—simple in its strain, but full of the most enchanting chords, breathed out entrancingly, with the most exquisite precision of tune, the most perfect togetherhood in beginning and ending phrases; the most true and intense feeling for due expression in sentiment; next was played a brisk Hungarian dance, then a quick march; and lastly a very brilliant piece, the subject with which it commenced being taken from the padlock song in Mozart's 'Zauberflöte.' From Cassel we went up to Berlin. My experience of

the Prussian capital was not very favourable; for constant rain prevailed during most of our time there, preventing our enjoying as much as we could have desired to visit. But the picture gallery, the museum, and Rauch's Studio afforded us much art pleasure; while a drive to the park and mausoleum of Charlottenburg was extremely interesting to us. And we were so fortunate as to see Otto Devrient play Mephistopheles, in his own adaptation for the stage of Goethe's 'Second Part of Faust.' His acting was perfection, and marvellous in appropriate diabolism. One touch particularly struck us. In the scene where there is a royal reception, Devrient's face suddenly changed to a look of shuddering disgust; and we then perceived that it was when a train of ecclesiastics and robed bishops entered the presence. Otto Devrient was one of that famous family of Devrients who for years had been first-rate actors and actresses. I had seen Madame Schroeder-Devrient during the

first performance of the German company in London; had seen Emilé Devrient play Faust at the St James's Theatre there; and I had seen a younger Devrient play Sebastian in Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' in Dresden. Yearnings of remembrance of this last-named city seized us, and we left Berlin for 'Delightful Dresden.' On arrival we found finer weather to add to our exhilaration at finding ourselves again in our favourite Saxon capital. The season at the Hoftheater had just commenced, and we at once plunged into the old enjoyment of theatre-going every evening; punctual attendance at the Hofkirche for High Mass, and at the Kreuzkirche vesper service, where the boy choir was so excellent, etc., etc. A few changes had taken place there since our previous visit. Ellmenreich was married, but still remained on the stage. A delicious baritone, Degele, was singing in various parts with excellent effect; while the acting of Dettmer as Macduff in Shakespeare's 'Macbeth,' de-

serves special record. I can never forget him in the grand scene of the fourth act, where news is brought to him of his wife and children being put to death by the tyrant. It was the truest and most affecting expression of manly anguish I ever beheld. His fine flexible voice, with its power of breaking when expressing strong emotion, aided him to perfection, and his gestures were profoundly indicative of mental torture, without a tinge of exaggeration. Dettmer had the curious gift of being able to *turn pale* (a gift I have heard was possessed by the French actor Talma), and at the passage where Malcolm says:—'Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; give sorrow words,'—when the hat was removed Dettmer's face was deathly white.

To give an idea of Ellmenreich's varied power in acting, I may mention that her Viola in Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' was bewitchingly playful; while her impersonation of Goethe's Gretchen in the first part

of 'Faust' was profoundly moving. Pure, innocent, winningly childlike, happy at first; broken, despairing, lost at last. Her madness, while Faust weeps with remorse at her feet, was perfectly haunting, and really affected Sabilla and me for a long time after.

A very interesting day was spent by us, when we went to visit the 'Saxon Switzerland.' We were favoured by fine weather; we drove by the left banks of the River Elbe, crossed the ferry at Pilnitz, proceeded by a gentle rise all the way through picturesque villages and amid fine views. We passed the day on the fine cliff called the 'Bastei,' wandering about among its rocky summits, conveniently made accessible by connecting bridges and well-kept paths. Another excursion was to Meissen, where we ascended the crag on which are perched the antique cathedral and castle.

A particularly interesting ceremony we witnessed (from a window), which took place on the Altmarkt Platz of Dresden. The edges of the large platz were literally

crammed with people, windows and roofs, even, were full of excited gazers, while the central space was marked off by gigantic festoons of green wreaths surmounted by close, bead-like rows of white lamps (green and white being the colours of Saxony), beneath which rose a wooden amphitheatre of seats erected for the reception of the relations of those who had fallen at Sedan (the day being the anniversary of the victory obtained there). Within this amphitheatre was an open space, where gradually assembled various processions, civic and military, with their several bands of music and some hundreds of young ladies wearing white, and sashes of the national colours with garlands of oak leaves on their heads. The sight of these falling in, two by two, and forming a long line round the statue in the centre, and extending towards the throned and crimson-laid stand prepared for the King and Queen of Saxony and their Court, was extremely beautiful; the more so, as most of these fair girlish heads had

magnificent tresses of hair falling from their green wreaths on to their shoulders and down their backs.

Precisely as the clock struck eleven, the royal carriages drove up, and as the Court party alighted and took their places beneath the canopy, the whole assembly cheered, waved hats and handkerchiesfs, while the bands struck up 'God save the Queen' (the German national air being the same as ours). Then the chorus of young ladies and of students (also wearing chaplets on their heads) sang Handel's grand 'Hallelujah Chorus' with fine effect; a speech was delivered to the King by a Dresden magnate; Wagner's stately and effective 'Kaiser Marsch' was played by the united bands; and, at a signal, the tall draperies around the central statue were rapidly lowered, and the 'Germania' was displayed to view amid universal cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Lastly, the King and Queen and Court party stepped down from their daïs, and walked round the central space

amid more cheering and waving, and closely examined the statue and the green wreaths which the young ladies had placed upon the steps at its base. After this, the royalties stepped into their carriage-and-four, driving off amid acclamations.

We had made acquaintance with three amiable American ladies—a mother and two daughters; the mother almost as fresh-complexioned and young looking as her daughters. One of the daughters was taking lessons in pianoforte playing, the other in singing. These two young ladies flew into our room one afternoon with a couple of white rosebuds in their hand, which they presented to Sabilla and me in token of the pleasure they had just had in reading my two verse stories, 'The Trust' and 'The Remittance.' The young lady who was then studying singing was no other than Miss Agnes Huntington, who subsequently made so successful an operatic career in London and in America.

We witnessed in the Grosse Garten an

interesting celebration of the 'Albertverein Fest.' In the large space near the lake, a kind of tent-temple had been erected for the royalties; and immediately on the verge of the sheet of water, seats had been arranged for the Court party. In the middle of the lake a large flat stage, placed across and upon several firmly-moored barges, was visible to the thousands who stood on the banks, forming a variegated edge on the green sward around the water. On the moored stage, acrobats, slack-rope dancers, etc., etc., displayed their feats, and could be seen by the Court and the crowd most conveniently. There were military bands stationed at regular distances in the gardens; and there were stalls held by celebrities and by ladies and gentlemen, where toys and knick-knacks were sold for the charity. One of these stalls was held by a clever comic actor named Löber, who caused shouts of laughter as he homorously disposed of stacks and stacks of gingerbread to eager purchasers.

So perfect was the order maintained, yet the freedom allowed, that Sabilla and I were able to walk leisurely behind the platform on which the royalties were seated; and when they descended the steps thereof, and got into their carriages, we were standing within fifty paces from them. No pushing, no elbowing among the crowd; but quiet and orderly they stood, just raising their hats respectfully as the King and Queen passed. In the evening there was a performance in the Sommertheater, at which the royalties were present. The King and Queen laughed heartily, and came in quite simple fashion to that small barn of a theatre, seeming thoroughly to enjoy themselves. We were close to them, and could see the Queen's sweet and amiable face completely well. We were told that she took special interest in the particular charity for which this 'Gartenfest' was got up each year; so that she made a point of enjoying its gaieties with her people.

We took our leave of 'Delightful Dresden'

and its unrivalled Hoftheater with a piece called 'Prinz Friedrich von Homburg,' in which my admirable Dettmer played to perfection, and Ellmenreich was her usual graceful and fascinating self. In one of its scenes, Dettmer had occasion to introduce most appropriately his singular power of *turning pale* in a moment of intense emotion, so that I was more than ever convinced of his possessing this gift, and also more than ever charmed with his full and touching voice.

The next year, 1881, was marked by quite different, though quite as interesting, experiences. Sabilla and I were invited by our friends, Mr and Mrs Littleton, to visit them again; but as their house in Sydenham was undergoing complete restoration, they were staying in London for the first portion of our return to England. This afforded an opportunity for us to hear some charming recitals of Rubinstein, who was giving a series in the St James's Hall. This was an especial treat for me.

I, who had heard all the most celebrated pianists for years at the Philharmonic Society (of which my father was one of the original instigators and first members, and had taken me regularly to hear its concerts, ever since I was quite a young girl), John Cramer, Thalberg, Döhler, Pauer, etc., etc., felt extreme eagerness to hear Rubenstein, of whom I had often heard, but whom I had never heard play. What especially charmed me in his playing that season was the extremely appropriate and characteristic style in which he played the respective compositions of each composer he selected for performance at his several recitals. I felt, so to say, as if he played Mozart, Mozartianly; Beethoven, Beethovenishly; Weber, Weberishly, and so on, while his own compositions he delivered with a spirit and effect that appeared to me to be peculiarly suited to them. I particularly admired his own manner; no breaking the time, no exaggerated tricks.

One day Mr Littleton went with me to

the South Kensington Museum, and helped me to find the façade of the dear old schoolhouse at Enfield, which had been placed in what were called 'The Exhibition Buildings,' and was beautifully preserved; the pomegranate garlands and the cherub heads being quite complete.

On my birthday a delightful surprise had been prepared for me. My kind friend Mr Littleton had had printed for me my verse volume of 'Honey from the Weed,' and he brought me the first bound copy as a birthday pleasure. Its graceful and appropriate cover—ferns and weeds, with a bee hovering over them extracting their sweets — had been designed by his son, Mr Alfred Littleton, so that a combination of interest was contained in this generous gift.

That same evening we had a rehearsal of Sheridan's comedy of 'The Rivals,' as I had been asked to play Mrs Malaprop in the private threatricals which were to take place at Westwood House as soon as the

rebuilding there should be completed. This was accomplished early in July, when we all left London and took up our abode at Sydenham, where there was to be a garden party on the 9th July, and three performances of the intended private theatricals later on. The whole transformation of the mansion and projected doings there seemed to me to be quite an Aladdin-Palace kind of celerity in achievement, but I was installed in a peaceful apartment called 'Mrs Cowden's room,' where my friends amiably placed a portrait of Shakespeare over the mantelpiece, and where I could write at perfect leisure, for I was then finishing my story of 'Uncle Peep and I,' which I had begun at the commencement of the year in compliance with a request made by Mrs Huntington that I would write a book for American children, having written so much that their elders enjoyed. By dint of working all night by gaslight, and of perpetual hammering and knocking all day, everything was ready for the garden party, which went

off brilliantly; hosts of invited friends, a Hungarian band on the lawn, and a part song (sung by amateur ladies and gentlemen) especially composed for the occasion, called 'Congratulatory Ode to commemorate the restoration and re-opening of Westwood House, Sydenham, on the 9th July 1881.'

The three performances of Mark Lemon's pleasant farce, 'Domestic Economy' (in which Mr Augustus Littleton played the husband who stays at home to make the pudding, and Sabilla the wife who goes out to hoe potatoes), and Sheridan's comedy of 'The Rivals' (in which Mr Alfred Littleton played Captain Absolute, and I Mrs Malaprop), took place on the 25th, 26th, 27th July. The first and third of these performances were for friends, while the second performance (by the kind thoughtfulness of Mr Littleton and his sons) was given for the entertainment of the household servants and all the workpeople who had been employed in the restoration of Westwood House (amounting to nearly 200).

HENRY LITTLETON.

One of these workmen was heard to say of Mrs Malaprop, 'That isn't really an old woman; it's a young woman *got up* old.' I thought this a very genuine and gratifying testimony to my being able to act well at seventy-two years of age. I may mention, as a characteristic trait of my liking for preserving matters that possess a charm of sympathetic remembrance for me, that I then played Mrs Malaprop in the same carefully-kept costume (made by myself from an exquisitely painted china silk given to me by an enthusiastic lady who heard I was going to act in 1847), ornamented with the same stage diamonds, and that I used the same fan, the same pink three-cornered note for Captain Absolute's intercepted one to Lydia Languish, and the same large letter with a huge seal for that which Sir Anthony writes (both brought out of Mrs Malaprop's pocket in the scene where she causes Captain Absolute to read from his the words, 'The old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you'). And

I possess the same dress, now that I am writing this at eighty-six years old. So much for innate individuality of disposition! One of the interesting visits we paid was to Sir Henry Bessemer and his lady, who invited us to dine at their charming house on Denmark Hill. He had laid out its grounds and the interior of the dwelling itself in the most artistic and scientific style imaginable. As simple-mannered as original-minded, he escorted us round himself, showing and explaining to us his many ingenious and beautiful contrivances. One of the apartments leading into a conservatory, he had both fitted up with mirrors so placed as to give what Dan Chaucer calls 'sly reflections,' and produced a curiously pleasant effect. He took me in to dinner, and conversed, in easily familiar terms, of the mode in which a tunnel is carried through a mountain, because I had asked how it was that the engineers at each end could conduct it so straightly as to meet precisely at the point needed. We took our way

back to Genova by Coblentz, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass, where we were favoured by distant views of the Dolonite Peaks, made visible to us by brilliant moonlight.

On our return home, having been asked to contribute a paper to the 'Century Magazine,' I wrote 'Leigh Hunt; a Descriptive Sketch,' and, to please a fancy I had for attempting a story which should be quite comprehensible and interesting, yet containing not one single name, I wrote 'A Story without a Name,' which was published in 'The Girl's Own Paper.'

1882 began pleasantly with a visit from our friend, Mr Littleton, who, after that, made it an annual one for several succeeding years, spending some weeks in this more genial climate during the winter season. He invited us to Westwood again, that we might hear Gounod's grand work, 'The Redemption,' which was to be performed at the Birmingham Festival that August. Accordingly, in June, we went to England, where we

were in good time for rehearsals of an amateur performance that was to take place in July. The entertainment consisted of Shakespeare's 'As you Like It,' in which Sabilla acted Audrey, preceded by a prologue which I had been asked to write and deliver myself. I made it in the form of a dialogue between Mrs Malaprop and Mrs Cowden, so that it afforded scope for numerous Malapropisms that decidedly amused the audience.

That August, having an invitation from our dear and many-year friend, Alexander Ireland, to visit him and his family at Bowden, near Manchester, I travelled up and spent a pleasant few days there. They gave a large party of notabilities there one evening to meet me, which honour somewhat abashed my shyness, but which I felt grateful for as a proof of my friend's goodness.

On the 23d August we went to hear the rehearsal of 'The Redemption,' conducted by the glorious composer himself. At its conclusion, Gounod mustered sufficient Eng-

lish to address the orchestra with these kindly, courteous words :—

'Gentlemen, I could rather have believed this to have been a second performance than a first rehearsal, so correctly have you played.'

On the 25th we travelled down to Birmingham, and on the 26th we heard the first rehearsal of 'The Redemption,' previous to which we sat near to Gounod, to whom we were introduced, and he introduced to us his daughter Jeanne.

I said, '*Ah, la Dodelinette?*' and he answered, '*Oui, la Dodelinette,*' for it was to her that he had dedicated his charming lullaby thus named, and which he saw that we knew.

The next evening Gounod was invited to dine with us by Mr Littleton, and as Sabilla and I could speak French, he, much to my delight, was seated near to us.

He took me in to dinner, and he and I being next each other, I could enjoy his bright conversation to perfection. Mr

Littleton told him that he had already made arrangement for ten different performances, at various provincial towns, for the performance of 'The Redemption,' at which Gounod frankly manifested his satisfaction; and when I began to ecstacise on the sublimity of the work, he owned that he nearly shed tears as he wrote its concluding bars, so intensely had he felt the delight of composing it.

When I told him how keenly I sympathised with this feeling, and how I thought that, upon the completion of a work into which one has put one's heart, one feels inspired to commence another, he said, '*Commencer un œuvre d'art qu'on aime, est comme un mariage d'amour.*' And as he uttered the words, what sparkling expression there was in his eloquent eyes.

After dinner he accompanied his daughter in the song, 'Loin du Pays,' by himself, and afterwards in the song 'Souviens toi que je t'aime' from his opera of 'Mireille.' She sang with charming sentiment and

feeling. Just before he began accompanying her she made us laugh by saying, '*Non, papa, tu te trompes*,' because he had made some slight variation in the opening passage. The idea of telling my adored Gounod that he tripped in music seemed to me beyond measure strange and droll.

The morning when Gounod came to call upon us to take leave, he had left his hat on the table, and I, on his departing, took it to him, saying, '*Je suis faché de vous présenter votre chapeau, Mr Gounod.*' He promptly replied, '*Je crois que vous ne me mettriez pas à la porte, n'est ce pas.*'

He was altogether fascinating to me personally as well as composerly.

I met several distinguished gentlemen at that Birmingham Festival, two of whom, Professor Mahaffy and Mr Edward Broadfield, were drawn thither by the superlative treat of music we then had, and who occupied seats near to ours during its performance.

One morning I had the pleasure of hearing Mr Barnby try over the 'Sanctus'

in Gounod's just-composed MS. Mass, and I heard that Gounod had said, in his finely imaginative way, 'When I composed that "Sanctus" I seemed to see the assembled multitude kneeling in devout contemplation of the holy mystery.'

From Birmingham we returned to Westwood, and thence we left for the Continent, on the 10th September, taking our way back by Coblentz to Munich.

After taking tickets there for the Brenner Pass, we heard that there was talk of interruption on the railway line, and that we should not be able to get beyond Botzen. Inundation was hinted at, but spoken of as insignificant.

When we reached Sterzig, some gentlemen and ladies came kindly with umbrellas, asking us whether we would not halt there, but hearing that the hotel was a quarter of a mile off, and seeing there was a heavy rain pouring down, we thought the risk of taking severe colds seemed worse than proceeding, so we asked the guard whether he was going on to Brixen. He said yes, but added

that telegrams had been received to say that no more accommodation of any kind was to be had there. Nevertheless, we, knowing that there were more houses at Brixen than we could see at Sterzig, resolved to 'stick to our ship,' as we told the guard, and proceed with him to Brixen.

On arrival there, Sabilla saw an omnibus waiting, and we made for it, but were told by its driver that it was engaged by some *Herrschaft.* We replied that we would ask them to permit us to share it with them, and we jumped in.

The driver, finding that his expected *Herrschaft* did not appear, drove us into Brixen, telling us he knew of a house there, kept by people who might be persuaded to let us lodge with them.

In a narrow, arcaded street he drove up to the premises of a prosperous wax-candle maker and soap-boiler, and, after a parley with the owner's family, we were taken into the house.

Passing through the curious vaulted basement, that looked like a smuggler's cave stuffed full of casks and packing-cases, we were conducted upstairs, where we found large and clean rooms, bedizened, Tyrolese fashion, with pictures and crucifixes, clocks, toy china and an extremely curious wooden figure, life-size, of St Carlo Borromeo, which we were assured had been sculptured by a blind man. The Tyrolese are very artistic, and are especially clever in wood-sculpture.

Most fortunate we esteemed ourselves. The people, kind as possible, giving up their best sleeping-room to us and making us thoroughly comfortable and at home with them. The daughter used to fly about with a stentorian voice and cheery face, evidently enjoying the scrimmage, dashing on a straw hat to fetch water from the well or to the 'Elephant Hotel' for our meals. Of an evening she used to clamber on to a chair and place a light beneath a picture of the Madonna, while often we used to hear, before retiring for the night, the Litany

being chanted by youthful voices in a chamber above.

Of this energetic maiden her mother told us a characteristic anecdote, that, when the hospital at Brixen had been struck by lightning and burnt, her daughter had carried down some of the patients pick-a-back, which other maidens would not do, so her courage was known in all Brixen. This daughter, 'Lotte,' gave us sad news of cottages washed away, fields destroyed, etc., and the cruel rain continued to carry sorrow and desolation with it. At the post-office were stacks of post parcels awaiting possibility of transit, while the letters were carried on men's backs over the high mountains, and the poor fellows were working day and night.

An odd, old-world custom was still retained in Brixen, which is represented in Mendelssohn's opera 'Son and Stranger,' as well as in Wagner's 'Meistersänger,' and which had a curiously-mingled effect of implied peril and assurance of protection

from danger. A watchman with his dog passed the house where we were staying, every hour between ten p.m. and three o'clock a.m., announcing the hour and exhorting to prayer in a quaint call. This—while the inundations went on, and the dull, continuous downpour of rain accompanied the sound of the watchman's voice—was most impressive, but when the weather somewhat cleared, I used to listen to the hourly announcement and exhortation with revived hope and trust. The walks we were then able to take were very interesting, and on the whole our enforced month's stay at Brixen had been productive of good. The pure fresh air, its kindly people, its interesting cathedral and environs, had improved our health and gratified our taste. The hospitable Kirschbaumers were kindly courteous to the very last moment, coming up to the station with us, seeing us off with tears in their eyes. Finding that return, by the remainder of the Brenner Pass, to Italy was still impracticable, we retraced

our way, and went back through Munich, Carlsruhe, and round by the Mont Cenis Pass to Genoa.

In the autumn of that year an enormously large comet was visible from our house here. I got up several times at four o'clock in the morning to see it thoroughly. It extended along the eastern quarter of the heavens, fiery-red and portentous in magnitude, making one think of Milton's words,—'Like a comet burn'd, that fires the length of Ophiuchus huge in the arctic sky.'

The next year, 1883, I was asked to contribute to the 'St Nicholas Magazine,' a periodical for children, and I sent for insertion my juvenile drama called 'Puck's Pranks;' and Mrs Meynell requesting me to send her a paper on ancient cookery for the magazine she was editing ('Merry England'), I wrote 'On English Cookery in Shakespeare's Time,' that she much approved.

In the summer Sabilla and I took our usual change to cooler and inland air. We

made our first acquaintance with Baden-Baden, which we subsequently frequently visited. From Baden-Baden, that summer, we went to our pleasant Rhenish quarters at Coblentz, remaining there some weeks, and returning home to Genoa. There, in the winter, we had a series of admirable lectures on English literature, delivered by Mr James Cappon, a most welcome and exceptional treat in Genoa. He paid us several visits at our house here, and we found him as excellent in conversation as in lecturing.

We made a novel experience in 1884 by going through the St Gothard Tunnel into Germany, and were enchanted by the scenery we passed through, and much pleased with the capital arrangements of the railway line all along. We made a longish stay at Carlsruhe, seeing it properly for the first time. Its mixture of ducal court refinement, with the simplicity of a country town, impressed me so fascinatingly that I wrote four sonnets,

comparing it with my favourite Enfield and Dulwich for peculiar charm.

When 1885 began, and Mr Littleton as usual came to see us in January, he invited us to go and visit him and Mrs Littleton in the summer, and go with them to hear Gounod's 'Mors et Vita' at the Birmingham Festival in August. There was also to be an amateur performaace at Westwood of Ross Neil's charming play of 'The King and the Angel,' its subject being the one given in prose by Leigh Hunt, called 'King Robert of Sicily,' in verse by Longfellow under the same title, and by William Morris, entitled 'The Proud King.' So tempting a proposal was, of course, accepted by Sabilla and me; and on the 18th July the promised performance took place most brilliantly. I found that Ross Neil has introduced a beautifully dramatic and true-to-nature incident, by making a woman one of the means of effecting the transformed king's reform. She is a princess, betrothed to the king, treated by him, during his

haughty, overbearing first self, with neglect and indifference, but who, by gentle and tenderly considerate behaviour to him in his period of transformation to a wretched outcast, aids in awakening him to a sense of his previous misconduct. The Birmingham Festival's first introduction to the public of Gounod's grandly devout 'Mors et Vita' was an immense treat to me, though I sadly missed the presence of its great composer, who was unable to come over to England. I tried to content myself with thinking of all he had said and *looked* when I had met him during the performance of 'The Redemption,' three years before. During this return to Birmingham I was taken by my dear, kind, long-esteemed friend, Mr Sam Timmins, to see the Shakespeare Library, and it was pleasant to me to see almost every other person that passed touch his hat to him as we walked there together. The building for the library was noble in itself, but the collection of treasures within was magnifi-

cent, and the order preserved—both in the accommodation of readers and in the arrangement of books—was perfectly admirable. Of course, the room especially dedicated to the Shakespeare Library was the chief point of interest to my guide and to me, and he had one of the curators, with the keys of the bookcases, to open for my inspection some of the rarest and choicest volumes preserved there. Then he took me into the chief reading-room, where there was a bust of himself, and told me of George Dawson (who for some time was believed to have been the originator of the idea of this library) having delivered a speech on the very spot where we stood, to the effect that it was Mr Timmins who, in reality, was the first to originate the idea, and to promote its fulfilment. As I sat there, Mr Timmins reading to me, in a low voice, an extract from this identical speech, eloquent and fervent in the extreme, I was deeply touched, and the reader himself was full

of emotion. The whole visit was peculiarly interesting, and both Mr Timmins and I congratulated ourselves on having thus been able to achieve it, having looked forward to it for some years. I showed him the miniature ring I wear, telling him I had brought his friend, C. C.-C. (my other self), to be with me in this noble Shakespeare Library; and Mr Timmins feelingly alluded to the times when my beloved came to lecture in Birmingham, and when their first interview took place as referred to in the two sonnets I addressed to our constant friend. On leaving, I was taken to a large book kept for the purpose of registering visitors, and he asked me to sign my name therein, which signature I found, to my great gratification, came next to that of no less a personage than Russell Lowell. I may here be permitted to mention that I have ever felt grateful for the liberal way in which distinguished Shakespearians have treated me with a cordial *fraternity* as one of their brother-

hood. In America, as well as England, this has been the case. Even now, as I write, comes a letter from Mr Timmins, dated February 22d, 1896, giving me an account of the intended celebration of Shakespeare's birthday on the 23d of April. As long ago as when the Reverend N. J. Halpin wrote his 'Dramatic Unities of Shakespeare,' published in 1849, he sent me his book and corresponded with me; Dr Ingleby did the same, and nowadays Frederick Haines, one of the trustees of the Shakespeare birthplace, at Stratford-on-Avon, writes me delightful letters, while Richard Savage, its librarian, sends me dried flowers from the garden there. From America I have received such continued courtesies and kindnesses that I have felt as if we had, in Shakespeare's words, 'shook hands as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.' Dr Horace Howard Furness sends me each volume of his magnificent 'Variorum Edition of Shakespeare' as it is

successively published; Dr W. J. Rolfe has sent me his 'Friendly Edition of Shakespeare' with generous hand, calling me its godmother because I gave it that name; Professor Hiram Corson has presented me with the books he has written on that and other poetical subjects, besides paying me a visit here when he came to Europe; and Mr George H. Calvert sent me his 'Shakespeare; a Biographic and Æsthetic Study,' and also several works he wrote on various themes. From charming Celia Thaxter we had a visit one Christmas, when she gaily helped us stone raisins, etc., for our Christmas pudding, and told us ghost-stories, and proved herself the exact being that dear Mr James T. Fields describes her in one of the many delightful letters he wrote, telling me that he always called her 'the laughing girl,' and when he sent me her poetical prose book, 'Among the Isles of Shoals.' On taking leave of us that Christmas she gave me a dainty volume of her 'Poems,' many

pages of which she adorned by sketches, in natural colours, of flowers, weeds, etc., dashed across the page. Mrs James Fields we likewise saw more than once on occasions when she was in Europe. Her books of poems, 'Under the Olives,' and her 'Singing Shepherd,' were her kind gifts to me. Miss Sarah Orme Jewett, her attached friend, always accompanied her when she came to see us, and from her I have received several of her vivid literary-pictures of American life. Similar amenities of correspondence and presents of her clever works I have had from Miss Imogen Guiney; so that from American ladies—and several others unmentioned here—I have received abundant and memorable tokens of friendly feeling. In the November of that year I began writing my 'Shakespeare's Self, as revealed in his Writings,' and it was printed in the American Magazine, 'Shakespeariana,' for April 1886.

One of the performances of Wagner's

'Parsifal' at Bayreuth being announced to take place in the last-named year, Sabilla and I resolved we would go thither. Arrangements having been made with the authorities, who appointed quarters for the accommodation of the numerous visitors thronging thither, we were so fortunate as to have had selected for us apartments in the house of a particularly hospitable couple, with whom we soon felt quite at home, so kindly attentive were they to our every comfort and convenience. The town being at some distance from the theatre, we engaged a small carriage, belonging to our hosts, for the whole of our stay at Bayreuth. The performances were arranged with excellent care and forethought; between each act trumpets sounded the call from the opera of 'Lohengrin,' and the audience were able to enjoy a refection at the Restauration outside the theatre, no one but those who had been present there being allowed to take seats at each meal. The music was admirably given; the players in the orchestra, stationed out of

sight, took their places, *ready-tuned*; and the vocal artists were all excellent. Besides 'Parsifal,' the 'Tristan and Isolde' was performed; but I must own that I was so much affected by a sense of weariness, after listening to 'Parsifal' and subsequently to the first act of 'Tristan and Isolde,' that I presented my ticket to our obliging hostess, who was an enthusiastic Wagnerite. I am a warm admirer of Wagner in his poetical treatment of 'Der fliegende Holländer' and 'Tannhäuser,' the first of which the composer has been said to denounce as 'too melodious,' but which I find beautifully and appropriately weird; while the imaginative charm he has imparted throughout the Venus-haunted knight's career in 'Tannhäuser' is, to me, completely bewitching.

From Bayreuth we took flight to our 'Delightful Dresden,' which we found attractive as ever, though we deeply regretted the loss of our admirable actor, Dettmer, and of the as admirable baritone, Degele, who had both died in the interim. However, very

soon after our revisits to the Hoftheater, we learned to appreciate the versatile talent of an actor named Klein, who impersonated, with equal verity, *President la Roquette* (a real man living in Louis XIV.'s time, and said to have been the prototype of Molière's 'Tartuffe'); the cruel and implacable Duke of Alva; a lively Spanish page; a self-made rich merchant, with white hair; and a middle-aged major, still youthful enough in manner to be irresistible to young ladies. In all and each of these characters Klein was wonderfully true to nature.

One evening after our arrival, while we were seated in our usual places in the stalls, a pencilled note was brought to us by the stall-keeper, on which was written: 'Look up to the box on the right of the royal one, and you will see some friends who love you.' They proved to be the three ladies Huntington, whom we had known before in Dresden in 1880; and when we met on the grand staircase, after the performance, they spoke most earnestly and affectionately to us. Our

stay in Dresden was as entirely agreeable as our visits there had always been on previous occasions; and we returned to Genoa by Zurich and the St Gothard Pass.

The editor of 'The Girl's Own Paper' having requested me to send him a contribution, I wrote 'Shakespeare as the Girl's Friend,' which was printed in the number for 4th June 1887. Later on, my 'Story Without a Name,' and my 'Benemilda; or the Path of Duty,' also appeared in that graceful periodical. Inviting our niece Valeria to accompany us that summer, we went to Brunnen, and took up our abode in the Waldstätterhof, on the shore of the lake of the four cantons, surrounded by the glorious mountain snow peaks. Amid that sublime scenery I wrote my 'Centennial Biographic Sketch of Charles Cowden-Clarke.' This, and my 'Memorial Sonnets,' etc., kind Mr Littleton caused to be printed in order that I might have copies to give to friends.

From Brunnen we proceeded to Baden-Baden, where we much enjoyed our time,

for we were so fortunate as to make acquaintance with several musically and generally-accomplished families, who became lasting friends of ours whenever we subsequently revisited Baden-Baden's delicious greenwood shades.

In my opinion, it is extremely pleasant to see how the young ladies come in from the kitchen, where they have been engaged in household superintendence, and in acquiring practical experience, still wearing their neat little white aprons with bibs, and then seat themselves at the pianoforte to take part, with one of their parents, in some duet by a favourite composer. It seems to me that this wise combination of domesticity and skill in music forms a perfect feminine education, as wise as it is productive of pleasure. And it was our gratification to witness more than one instance of this judicious bringing up young ladies, rendering them able to become thoroughly competent mistresses of a house when they marry, as well as artistically accomplished companions to their husbands.

In our summer journey, the following year, we were accompanied by our niece Porzia, whom we invited to enjoy the cooler air of Tyrol and Germany. Very soon after our arrival at Innsbrück, Sabilla made the welcome discovery that a peasant play was to be given at the Sommertheater not far off, in the afternoon, so we all three drove there, and found a small neat theatre, built of boards, in a Restauration Garten, and where we took our tickets for the best places (like the stalls) at a franc each. All the performers were amateurs, mostly peasants, and the first actress the wife of a shoemaker! She was perfectly charming; and the rest were more than respectable. The piece was of the high romantic style, and consisted of a mediæval story pertaining to a certain castle near to Innsbrück. It was called 'The Tournament of Kronstein,' and most of the characters figured in antique armour; while the widow-countess-heroine wore picturesque mediæval costumes. She looked like an old-master portrait, was refined in her voice, her look,

her movements, and was altogether thoroughly unconventional and interesting.

One day, opposite to us at *table d'hôte*, we saw two ladies take their seats very quietly, one of them wearing a simple white frock, and looking so girlish, that Sabilla whispered to me,—'Though that young lady looks so unpretending and quiet, she seems to me to be accustomed to be "a somebody."' On speaking to her after dinner, we found that she was no other than the superlative pianiste, Fanny Davies, and she said, 'I had already recognised you, for you had been pointed out to me at the Birmingham Festival as Vincent Novello's daughters.' She became delightfully familiar and friendly with us, and generously offered to play to us. The obliging master of the hotel lent us his own parlour, which had a better pianoforte in it than the one in the reading-room; and many an evening's superb treat of music by the best composers did Fanny Davies give us. Ever after, she has been

called by me 'my Charmer'; and numerous have been the charming feasts she has given us, when meeting her in Germany, or when she favoured us by visits to us here in Genoa. From Innsbrück we went to Munich, where Sabilla and Porzia were much interested to hear the early opera of Wagner's called 'Die Feen,' which was got up with the usual poetry and beauty that distinguish the performances at the Munich Hoftheater.

We left Munich for Stuttgart, where we daily used to listen to the fine military band on the Platz, and to the chorale that was each noon to be '*blasen*' from the tower of the *Stifts Kirche*, a curious antique ceremonial observed there. It was most interesting to hear this old chorale blown by instruments sounding like a gigantic Æolian harp up there, among the angles of architectural ornamentation belonging to the quaint old church.

One evening a Generalissimo having arrived, a serenade was given to him, which

I enjoyed throughout. At eight o'clock the sound of a military band became audible, and soon came moving on in double file, a long array of soldiers bearing coloured lanterns and playing a bright march. Then they drew up at the angle of the two streets on which our hotel abutted, and began with an appealing *fanfare* of trumpets. Then followed two grave pieces—like chorales—sounding forth majestically and full-toned. Then followed a quick, brisk movement, upon which the entire vast crowd burst forth with loud and enthusiastic '*Hochs*'; while the Generalissimo presented himself at the window and saluted the crowd. The whole thing was a sight and sound never to be forgotten, and I thought myself fortunate to have had so many opportunities of enjoying German summers and delightful Italian home-winter-residence, enhanced by English comforts and dear, ever-loved English ties.

We made some stay at Carlsruhe on our return journey, and were charmed with that

delightful lyric artist, Mailhac, who acts as finely as she sings. As Reiza, in Weber's opera of 'Oberon,' she was exquisite, especially in the last aria, so descriptive of utter grief and despair, she was content to remain perfectly motionless, with one arm drooping at her side, and the other listlessly lying across her person, while her head inclined gently down, giving completely the effect of complete woe-begone sense of loss. In other characters she is quite as dramatically natural. As Catherine the Shrew (in Götz's opera taken from Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew') she was admirable; and in the gay little Tyrolese afterpiece she enacted a rustic maiden, making her easy, active, playful and pouting all in turn, with bewitching effect.

The year 1889 opened brilliantly for us. Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Grist paid us a flying visit here in Genoa, when 'my Charmer' played us, in her wonted generous and perfect style, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Rubinstein, etc., and in the evening the

ladies enjoyed a performance at the *Marionette* Theatre, to which Sabilla invited them as an Italian curiosity of entertainment. We made a change in our summer excursion that year, thinking we would try if a less distant one might prove equally effectual as a refuge from too perpetual residence by the seaside. Accordingly, we went to a beautiful spot on the north side of one of the Turinese Hills, called San Genesio. Magnificent view towards the Val d'Aosta, finely-wooded environment, and a spacious, well-built hotel promised well. Delicious wanderings in the woods, with occasional luxurious rests on commodiously-placed seats under the trees, made our days pass pleasantly, and during our stay I had the exceptional delight of seeing many a sunrise, besides beholding an eclipse of the moon from its commencement to its close. A rural touch about some of the ways of the house brought us acquainted with a flight of pigeons, three of them being special friends

of ours. They used to come as regularly as possible for crumbs from our hands; and once, when Sabilla and I had taken refuge in a shady reading-room, where its half-closed shutters and open door made the excessive heat bearable while she was playing on the pianoforte for me, in trotted our three feathered friends, evidently come to seek for us.

However, notwithstanding the many attractions of San Genesio, we agreed that, being in Italy, it did not afford sufficiently cool air for our summer need, so we went straight to Lucerne, where we found remarkable contrast from our just-left sojourn at San Genesio to this Swiss resort, with its more than a thousand feet above the sea coolness and its crowded hotel. During our stay there, whom should we see arrive but Mr Alfred Littleton and Dr Dulcken—the former, as always, full of amiable courtesy and attention to me, the latter, one of the best of conversers, who generally took his seat beside mine, and

gave me what Dr Johnson calls 'good talk.'

Some time afterwards a gentleman darted out of a room on the opposite side of the corridor to ours and said, 'I think one of you ladies is Mrs Cowden-Clarke.' Sabilla pointed to me, whereupon he began, 'I want to speak a word with you,' and then proceeded to tell me that he was Mr Armstrong, that his father was the American publisher who wished to bring out a new and complete edition of my 'Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.' This project was, to my great joy, ultimately carried out, and more than forty years after the first edition had been printed in London, this new and complete one was simultaneously published by Messrs Armstrong of New York, and Messrs Hutchinson of Paternoster Square, London. I may here take occasion to say that all my experience of publishers has been most agreeable. Contrary to the prejudiced opinion sometimes expressed, that authors

and publishers are often antagonistic in their transactions, I have invariably met with courtesy and kindliness. Ever since an interview I once had with Lord Byron's John Murray, another that I had with Mr Colburn, I have been treated with consideration, and even with amiability. I cannot forget, for instance, that when I wrote to Messrs Longman & Company, requesting them to give me a particular article I wanted from an expensive book they were bringing out, saying that I could not then afford to purchase the whole work, and mentioning that my father had in former years taught Miss Longman to play the organ, the reply I received was not only couched in most obliging terms, but was accompanied by the gift I had requested.

I may also mention the behaviour of Messrs Manning & Mason when they had printed my 'Concordance to Shakespeare,' and I went to their establishment in Ivy Lane in order to sign my name to each

copy, all was prepared for me with utmost regard to my convenience during the long day I spent there from early morning to late evening, listening to each hour that boomed from the bell of St Paul's cathedral. I must not omit to record that from American publishers I have likewise received tokens of marked regard. Messrs Munroe, Messrs Roberts of Boston, Mr J. P. Putnam, and Messrs Appleton of New York, have each and all shown me much that proves the courtesy of publishers to authors. My dear Mr James Fields was noted for his goodness to authors, and to him I not only am indebted for numerous delightful letters, but also for treasured gifts of his own poems and essays, his charming 'Yesterdays with Authors' and his 'Letter to Leigh Hunt in Elysium,' written in a style remarkably akin to the playful spirit of Leigh Hunt's own manner.

From Lucerne we went to Lugano and stayed at the Hôtel du Parc, which I remembered had been so rapturously described

by a gentleman whom my Charles and I had met at Arona as long ago as 1862, that I had often longed to visit this particular hostelry. It proved a realisation of my wish; being a monastery converted into a hotel, and containing fine long corridors with plenteous side-rooms. Moreover, the apartment appointed for Sabilla's and my reception overlooked a garden in which there was a Moresco alcove, where an excellent band played, morning and evening, a capital selection of music. On the evening of our first arrival at Lugano, this band breathed out its enchanting sounds, while a soft moonlight gave perfection to this combination of beauty. Deeply grateful did I feel for having had so many of my dearest and highest ideals vouchsafed to me during my long and exceptionally blest life. The whole of our stay in Lugano was most pleasant to us, and we did not return to Genoa until the end of September.

At Easter, in the following year, we had

another melodious flying visit from 'my Charmer,' Fanny Davies, but when the summer came we ourselves flew from Italian heat to seek change into cooler inland air; and having so much enjoyed our autumnal experience at Lugano, we thought we would try whether we could find freshness there. Our reception was pleasant, the same congenial apartment overlooking the garden, but, alas! no band in the Moresco alcove, the season not being the one when the players resorted there. However, we were not without music, for a nightingale saluted us on arrival, carolling in 'full-throated ease' among the trees of the hotel garden, one end of which overlooks the lake. As a farther regale to our music-loving ears, one day, as we were pacing up and down one of the long corridors, we heard the sounds of a pianoforte, and, on inquiry, learned that it was the daughter of the house practising. The playing was so good, and the pieces played so excellent, that we asked whether it would be considered

indiscreet were we to beg admission to listen. The reply from the mother of the young lady was most courteous, and when we knocked at the door of the room next day, we were received with fascinating sweetness of manner, and were played to for at least an hour, with charming liberality, pieces by Chopin, Schumann, etc., etc. We were indulged with several of these artistic treats by this accomplished young lady player, who was as simple-mannered and girlish-gay as she was skilled in music; for when Sabilla gave her a copy of her 'Bluebeard' books, she skipped about the room with joy. English, as well as French and Italian, were known to her, besides German, so that she could enjoy the perusal perfectly. We, of course, took some drives along the finely-kept, steep roads around Lugano, but notwithstanding its many attractions, its persevering heat made us feel that we should do well to remove into higher and cooler air; therefore, we took leave of the obliging proprietors of the Hôtel du Parc and their

charming daughter with heartiest feelings of gratitude. The courtesy of the proprietor took final climax in the mode wherewith he arranged our departure, for we found awaiting us at the door his own carriage and pair to convey us to the station, while he himself issued from his cloistral court-yard and presented us a choice bouquet each from his daughter with her best remembrances. He was interested when he found we were going to Baden-Baden, as he himself was a native of that place, and he stood for some minutes telling us of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and of the Duchess of Mechlinburg-Strelitz, who had given him a diamond ring which he showed us, and said how gracious they had been to him when they stayed at his hotel. In thanking him for all his courtesies to us, we told him that it seemed as if he took us for some of these royalties, he treated us so distinguishedly. We halted for a night in the St Gothard Hotel at Lucerne, obtaining from the window of

our room a fine view of the chief portion of the town on the opposite side of the lake, while the lake itself was crowned by heights as far as the Rigi Culm, forming a noble panorama. It was illumined by myriads of lights—electric ones, gas ones, red and green ones—giving the effect of a superb and extensive illumination, while near at hand were the lights of the railway station and its illuminated clock. These brilliancies gave sufficient light in our room to enable us to dispense with candles when we went to bed—a dispensation that always pleases me. Next morning, at dawn, I still enjoyed the spacious prospect, though under very different aspect. Without getting up from my bed I could see Lucerne and its two spires, in a grey veil of mist, looking very like that wonderful picture by Cuyp, 'A View of Dort,' which I once saw at the Exhibition of Old Masters in London. Then, at sunrise, my scene was lighted up brilliantly, and lasted thus for a short interval, till, later on, though the sky

clouded over, it still afforded me an exquisite picture.

On arriving at Baden-Baden, we almost immediately found our health and spirits improve from the change to the green atmosphere that has always seemed to me to distinguish that picturesque spot. Its early hours, its orderly way of providing for the comfort and convenience of visitors, its artistic resources, its friendly hospitalities combine to make it a specially healthful as well as agreeable sojourn to us, and I owe it most grateful regard. On arrival, we heard that Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was again there. We had had gracious notice from him when he had been in Baden-Baden at the time our niece Valeria was with us in 1887, and His Imperial Highness was as gracious as ever towards us, while our curtseys were deeper than ever, since in the interim he had lost his throne. One day we had the opportunity of hearing a discourse from the celebrated religious reformer, Père Hya-

cinthe, in the English Church at Baden-Baden. His discourse was chiefly concerning his ardent desire to see peace and goodwill and mutual forbearance between all churches and forms of religious worship. His manner was earnest, and, at the beginning, tranquil, but rose into vehemence and urgency as he proceeded. His French was, of course, perfect, his enunciation was clear, his voice effective. He was very eloquent, inasmuch as he was never for a moment at a loss for pertinent expressions and telling phrases. He had a way of lapsing occasionally into quite familiar manner and utterance, then rising into more emphatic and florid appeal. He dwelt with hearty congratulation on the present possibility of *speaking out freely* on matters of belief and form of worship, in contrast with the former suppression of opinion and oppression of liberal ideas. We had resolved to walk back, so we strolled leisurely along the ever-lovely Lichtenthaler Allee, till we reached the milk establishment where

the cows assemble at five o'clock in the afternoon, affording delicious drink to dozens of children and invalids. The extreme heat made a frothed-up tankard of the lily-white beverage very welcome to us. As the water of the spring near to us had a bitter taste, and we were still thirsty that evening, which was overpoweringly hot, our ever-willing maid, Pasquina, ran out to fetch us some from a picturesque fount near the Trinkhalle, that water being famed for its purity. The fitting-up of this pretty little spring is most tasteful. It issues from a rock overgrown with green climbers, amid which a tube, in the form of a serpent (the emblem of health), seems to be sliding down the rock, and affords a perpetually gushing stream of this clear spring water.

There was an organ performance on the 6th September, which seemed so appropriate in date for celebration of the anniversary of our dear father's birthday, that Sabilla and I went to hear it in the Protestant church, where the performance took place. What

a glorious instrument is the organ, and how tenderly is it associated in my thought. We renewed acquaintance with a delightful composer and amiable old gentleman—Herr Rosenhain; and he invited us to his weekly matinees whenever we felt inclined to drive out to his villa at Lichtenthal. We naturally availed ourselves of this invitation very often; but when we said we hoped we should not be indiscreet in doing so, he replied, 'I cannot see too much of those I like, or too little of those I dislike.' On one of these occasions, when we arrived at Villa Rosenhain, and had carriaged thither Fanny Davies and Miss Grist, we found that there was a rehearsal going on in the music-room, so that we were requested to take seats in the hall until the rehearsal was over. While we stayed there, who should come in but Clara Schumann (who had just arrived in Baden-Baden), and she remained also quietly in the hall, *whispering* to us, and leaving her hand in mine as she talked cordially to me. I remember feeling curiously thrilled as I

stood clasping the hand that had been dear to Robert Schumann, and had so ably interpreted his compositions. When we entered the music-room we had the treat of hearing Herr Rosenhain's concerto, arranged for two pianofortes, played by himself and Fanny Davies in admirable style; then followed some of Schumann's songs, sung by an amateur gentleman with a charming tenor voice, and in a style so refined, so distinct an enunciation of words, so touching in expression that we complimented him afterwards. He took our praises with evident gratification, but said that he owned to being rather nervous while singing the Schumann songs, as he did not feel quite sure whether Madame Schumann might approve the *manner* in which he sang them. Herr Rosenhain had a very agreeable mode of introducing certain of his guests to each other; and among others that morning he presented to Sabilla a gentleman who remembered being at the Bonn Festival when she sang there, and recollected Spohr there, as well as the incident of Lizst's

lending his gilt chairs for our Queen and Prince Albert, when they unexpectedly arrived there, as Lizst always travelled with his own splendid furniture. That same morning Herr Rosenhain introduced us to an extremely interesting personage—a sweet-faced, sweet-mannered young lady, who smiled and curtseyed to us—no other than charming Cecile Mendelssohn, grand-daughter of Felix, and namesake of his pretty wife. She became one of the most delightfully constant friends we made in Baden-Baden, and felt an immediate interest in our having known her illustrious grandfather when he was just about the age of her own when we met her. She has since married, and still retains her renowned name, as she wedded her cousin, Herr Otto Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Altogether our stay in Baden-Baden that year was one of the most productive of enjoyment we ever had there. 1891 being the year appointed for another Mozart Musikfest in Salzburg, we resolved to go thither again that summer. The effect of

his own superb Requiem being performed in the cathedral where he had so often worshipped, was to me ineffably imposing. The fine Viennese orchestra and several famed artistes played and sang, accompanied by the organ, while, as I listened, I beheld a brilliant ray of sunlight stream through the stained-glass window opposite to me, seeming as though the spirit of the divinely-inspired composer himself were present. From Salzburg we went up to 'Delightful Dresden,' as it had been a long promise to our niece Valeria that we would take her there some day; and she and her brother Giovanni, whom we also invited, were with us during our very pleasant sojourn on this occasion. We made it our rule, as before, to enjoy every performance at the Hoftheater, where a really fine actor, named *Drach*, inspired us with ardent admiration. He impersonated Hamlet and other Shakespearian characters with true poetic and artistic inspiration. His Coriolanus, for instance, in which I could well remember Macready, appeared

to me to be worthy of all praise. Our later years have passed placidly in alternate summer visits to Germany and enjoyment of home music with home pursuits, literary or social. Speaking of literary pursuits, I may mention that much of my reading, latterly, has been peering into favourite old books, with sparing perusal of modern ones; and I refer to the fact of my retaining the conscientiousness that was encouraged in me by my dear mother while I was a child, for the sake of showing how in old age the same characteristic exists. A volume of farces, which has its table of contents marked by her with a pencilled cross against those pieces she forbade me to read, has caused me never to peruse those particular farces. Coarseness has ever been my abhorrence; for well does Shelley say in his noble 'Defence of Poetry,'—'Obscenity is blasphemy against the divine beauty in life;' and Sir John Lubbock, in his charming book, 'The Pleasures of Life,' says,—'The soul is dyed by its thoughts; we cannot keep our minds

pure if we allow them to be sullied by detailed accounts of crime and sin.'

Therefore, I allow myself to revel in my beloved poets, and some very favourite novels, etc.; on my shelves, thinking I may as well indulge my now less-strong eyesight with looking only into preferred books, especially if they have the advantage of being printed in clearly legible type.

My sister Sabilla laughingly says I might have taken for the motto of this book the words on the sun-dial in front of our Italian dwelling here, Englished thus:—'I denote only the hours of sunhine.' But I am thankful for the 'rose-coloured spectacles' I am said to wear, and I cannot do better than conclude with lines that truly show my

OLD AGE PHILOSOPHY.

In lieu of vain regret for days long flown,
I'm thankful for the joys that I have known:
When conscious that I now see less, hear less,
And walk less well, I think of happiness

Bestowed on me in fullest, dearest measure,
And hug to inmost heart the God-sent treasure.
Oh, Memory ! that still is granted me—
For dearest, truest blisses, ecstasy
Of love and intellectual discourse,
For faculties alert and body's force ;
For power to enjoy Life's choicest gifts ;
For energy to ponder theme that lifts
The soul in lofty speculation on
High mysteries that youth delights to con,
But Age has learnt with calmness to accept
Unquestioned, as beyond our ken inept ;
For readiness of pen, that then expressed
With ease the thoughts that yearned to be confessed
In words ; for sympathy desired, and found
As soon as wished, from one whose wisdom sound
And tender eagerness to lend his aid
Were ever generously, promptly laid
At my behoof. Though years have now bereft
Me of these blessings manifold, those left
I'm deeply grateful for ; and more than all,
For memories that former joys recall,
Dear memories, on which I dwell and live,
Renew my sense of youth, relume, revive
My inner fire of heart, my warmth of trust,
My feeling that our Heavenly Father must

Be bountéous and benign, as He hath shown
Himself to be to me and to my own
Belovèd one, who made me happy wife
Throughout our earthly perfect married life.

THE END

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BY.

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CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE.

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NOTE.—Some of the above publications have appeared in American as well as English editions, others appeared in now extinct magazines, and others are at present out of print.

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